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# The Outlook

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Vol. 121 March 5, 1919 No. 10

THE OUTLOOK IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. N. T. PULSIFER, VICE-PRESIDENT. FRANK C. HOYT, TREASURER. ERNEST H. ABBOTT, SECRETARY. TRAVERS D. CARMAN, ADVERTISING MANAGER. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION—FIFTY-TWO ISSUES—FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, JULY 21, 1893, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

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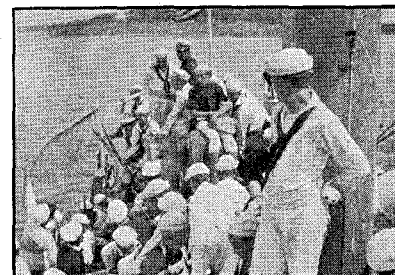
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Bolsheviki 100,000  
as prisoners.

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work was staged for a party of dis-  
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rangements were quickly made, and  
a series of maneuvers was performed  
by the members of a crack escadrille  
which elicited many exclamations of  
admiration. One visitor remarked  
that the evolutions of these aviators  
caused him more surprise, though of  
another sort, than the work of  
French camouflage artists which he  
till now he had counted perhaps the  
most wonderful thing he had seen in

# Have You and Yours Mastered these New Words?

Bolsheviki    brisance    ace    Taube  
fourth arm    ukulele    tank    Freudian  
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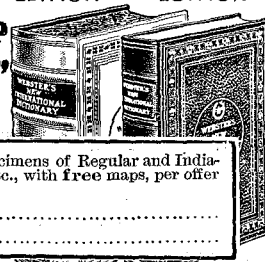
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# The Outlook

MARCH 5, 1919

## THE PRESIDENT'S BOSTON SPEECH

On his arrival at Boston on Monday, February 24, from his unprecedented and historical visit to Europe, President Wilson received an enthusiastic welcome. Indeed, as Governor Coolidge, the Republican Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts, aptly said, it was such a reception as Boston could not have given in Revolutionary times to Washington nor in the Civil War period to Lincoln, because in those days of National dissension its Americanism was not sufficiently unified.

Mr. Wilson remained in Boston only a few hours and made one speech in Mechanics Hall. It was not controversial, nor did it discuss the details of the plan for a League of Nations, of which he is one of the sponsors. It was an eloquent confession of his pride in being an American. He expressed his gratitude for the great popular welcome that had been given to him in Europe. Those passages of his speech which portrayed the character and effect of American idealism deserve the widest reading:

I do not mean to say that I was not very deeply touched by the cries that came from the great crowds on the other side. But I want to say to you in all honesty that I felt them to be a call of greeting to you rather than to me. . . .

I cannot tell you the inspiration that came from the sentiments that came out of those simple voices of the crowd, and the proudest thing I have to report to you is that this great country of ours is trusted throughout the world. . . .

In the midst of it all, every interest seeks out first of all, when it reaches Paris, the representatives of the United States. Why? Because—and I think I am stating the most wonderful fact in history—because there is no nation in Europe that suspects the motives of the United States. Was there ever so wonderful a thing seen before? Was there ever so moving a thing? Was there ever any fact that so bound a Nation that had won that esteem forever to deserve it? . . .

If America were at this juncture to fail the world, what would come of it? I do not mean any disrespect to the other great people when I say that America is the hope of the world; and if she does not justify that hope the results are unthinkable.

This appeal to America to play her part with the highest generosity and human sympathy in the reorganization of civilization which is now going on should receive the cordial assent of every well-intentioned citizen of the Republic.

The President alluded to only two of the general criticisms that have been made upon the plan for a League of

Nations now under discussion. It has been said that the work of the Peace Conference is going slowly, and has so far accomplished little. As to this, the President spoke as follows:

The Conference seems to you to go slowly; from day to day in Paris it seems to go slowly; but I wonder if you realize the complexity of the task which it has undertaken. . . . What we are doing is to hear the whole case; hear it from the mouths of the men most interested; hear it from those who are officially commissioned to state it; hear the rival claims; hear the claims that affect new nationalities, that affect new areas of the world, that affect new commercial and economic connections that have been established by the great world war through which we have gone.

It would be hard in fewer words to state so vividly the magnitude of the problem. Nor has little been accomplished. To get fourteen nations, including the five great Powers of the Entente Allies, unanimously to agree to a scheme for a world league is a gigantic accomplishment in itself. And this has been done in three months, a fact which ought not to be lost sight of in our natural desire to have Germany and Russia put in order so that we can all go about our daily tasks of peaceful living.

Another objection that is made to a League of Nations is that the plan is premature; that we ought to settle the treaty of peace first and take up the idea of a League after the terms of the treaty are framed in all their details. To this the President replies:

The arrangements of the present peace cannot stand a generation unless they are guaranteed by the united forces of the civilized world.

This statement seems to us to be incontrovertible. The wrongs of outraged Belgium, the ruin of devastated France, the just claims of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Armenia, cannot be set right unless there is a unified power behind the peace treaty to enforce its terms. Such a unified power can be found only in a League of Nations.

## "THE TIGER"

The attempted assassination of the French Premier by an Anarchist has aroused the whole world. Of course it has especially aroused France. Georges Clemenceau has long been the idol of those who believe in a strong government. The attack on him will only deepen his immense and well-deserved popularity.

Fortunately the attack was not fatal.

The victim himself at once said, "*Ce n'est rien*" (it is nothing), and, speaking of the bullets aimed at him, remarked, "I have dodged bigger ones than those at the front."

One expects grit and pluck from the "Tiger." He has ever been a savage fighter. Napoleon III discovered this a long time ago and imprisoned him. The citizens of the Paris district of Montmartre discovered it when he was their Mayor. The anti-Dreyfus people discovered it when he was editing "*L'Aurore*." Certain Socialists discovered it when, during his first term as Premier, he prevented their parades and crushed the Post Office employees' strike. Other Premiers discovered it when he wrecked their Cabinets.

Even in approaching the subject of a League of Nations he does it from a somewhat polemical standpoint.

But no man embodies more valiantly the soul of his nation than does he. If any man is virile, it is he. If any man has been a driving force in the Government of France, and also in expediting and making practical the work of the Peace Conference, it is he. The despoiler of Cabinets is also a builder and rebuilder.

He has been especially popular among the people of the poorer classes; they see in him no political trickery. Nor do his co-workers in the Peace Conference see in him anything other than frankness. He cordially co-operates with them when possible, but combats any, to him, doctrinaire proposals. He is certainly a bulwark of practical power.

Let us not forget that he stands for the nation nearest Germany, one inexpressibly solicitous lest too trusting Powers give Germany another chance for sudden attack. In iterating and reiterating this Clemenceau has been true to his country and to himself.

## TURBULENT BAVARIA

The assassination of Kurt Eisner at Munich on February 21 at first seemed to be the act of an enraged enemy of Eisner who was also a member of the aristocracy. But this act of Count Arco Valley was almost simultaneous with attacks upon Auer, the Minister of the Interior in the Government of which Eisner was the head, and upon two other members of that Government. It is only reasonable to believe that these acts of violence, if not planned together, were at least a common outcropping of reaction.

In Bavaria there has been a real revolution in which the old autocratic and aristo-

cratic elements of rule have been put into the background. Kurt Eisner, the assassinated Premier, aimed to establish a self-governing republic. He was extremely radical in many of his views; but at the same time he inveighed against the Russian Bolsheviks. His assassination was followed in Munich by a demonstration of working people and Socialists carrying red flags and placards calling for "Revenge for Eisner." When this agitation subsided, it was not because it was put down by soldiers, as was the case with the Liebknecht revolt in Berlin, but because the revolutionists in Munich were convinced that, although Eisner has gone, a government following his ideas is still in charge. Another indication of the revolutionary spirit in Bavaria has been the activity in Nuremberg of the Spartacans, as the revolutionists are there called.

Kurt Eisner, a Jew, was at one time editor of "Vorwärts," the Berlin Socialist journal. He came to the front when the Bavarian King abdicated. Reports have stated that he was always opposed to the Majority Socialists in Germany, and while he ruled in Munich frequently vented his dislike for and disapprobation of President Ebert and Ebert's colleagues.

Bavaria is represented at the Weimar National Assembly, but she distrusts Prussia and Prussianism. One thing which Bavaria is sure to insist upon is such autonomy that she may not in the future be dragged into international complications by Prussia. How far the feeling in Munich against the old rule in Bavaria has gone is shown by the fact that cable despatches of February 24 declare that Bavarian police are in search of Rupprecht, the former Crown Prince, who is said to be involved in the conspiracy which ended in the assassination of Eisner, that Prince Leopold is under supervision, if not actually in prison in Munich, and that the crime was committed "under the influence of Pan-Germanism." That the Socialists who are in control of the temporary government in Munich are not of the extreme type is shown by the existence of a separate party of so-called Communists, who are trying to establish a dictatorship of the proletariat after the Bolshevik pattern.

#### IRELAND AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE

A resolution passed by a "Convention of the Irish Race" in Philadelphia lately declared that a state of war exists between Ireland and England. It might as well have declared that a state of war exists between North Ireland and South Ireland. It is useless to assert, as this Convention asserted, that Ireland is entitled to self-determination unless it can be shown that there is one Ireland practi-

cally united in purpose, instead of two Irelands bitterly antagonistic. The Ireland which is chiefly agricultural, chiefly Roman Catholic in religion, and chiefly opposed to remaining in the British Empire has had its chance to work out some plan of reasonable autonomy in union with the Ireland which is manufacturing in industry, Protestant in faith, and bitterly opposed to disassociation from the British Empire. The two Irelands cannot agree, neither can they be divided one from the other.

The fact that the resolution above referred to was introduced by Cardinal Gibbons gives it more weight than it would have in itself. The Cardinal is respected and beloved by Americans within and without his own Church. Nevertheless, despite the eloquence and feeling with which Cardinal Gibbons urged that the doctrine of self-determination be applied to Ireland, Americans generally will not agree with the comparison drawn by the Cardinal between the demand of the American colonies for independence and the demand of some sections and some factions in Ireland for separation from the Empire of which it has been a part for centuries.

#### THE CASE OF SCOTT NEARING

One of the curiosities of trial by jury is found in the results of the recent prosecution of Scott Nearing for disloyalty and sedition.

Scott Nearing is a radical Socialist and former university professor, who persistently opposed the participation of the United States in the European war, on the ground that it was a capitalistic war made for the purpose of the further enslavement of the working people of the world. During the war he wrote a small book or pamphlet called "The Great Madness," which was published by the American Socialist Society. Nearing and the Society were indicted by the United States Grand Jury under the Espionage Law, on the ground that the act of writing and publishing this pamphlet in the early autumn of 1917 violated the following section of that law:

Whoever when the United States is at war shall willfully cause or attempt to cause insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny or refusal of duty in the military or naval forces of the United States, or shall willfully obstruct the recruiting or enlistment service of the United States to the injury of the service of the United States, shall be punished by a fine or imprisonment or both, as the statute provides.

The case was tried in the United States Court before Judge Julius Mayer, the Judge whose fine opinion in the Lusitania case, which defined the sinking of the Lusitania as a brutal act of piracy, has been reported somewhat fully in these pages. In his charge to the jury in the

Nearing case, Judge Mayer swept aside that portion of the defense which was based on the so-called right of free speech, saying:

Now no one would deny to any person the right of free speech or of free press; but it is important to understand that all speech and all writing is not free, in a loose sense. It is important to realize that this vital part of our organic law does not mean license, nor does it comprehend within its limits a permission to counsel disobedience to the law nor the permission to use free speech in such manner as to violate law. . . . You may write a libel of a man or you may slander him by word of mouth. In so doing you are speaking freely, but that is not the free speech which was guaranteed under the Constitution.

Thus the whole question to be decided by the jury was whether the pamphlet written by Nearing and published by the Socialist Society was calculated to cause insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny or refusal of duty in the military or naval forces of the United States, or to obstruct the recruiting or enlistment service of the United States.

By some process of reasoning which it is difficult to understand, the jury acquitted Nearing on this charge and convicted the American Socialist Society. Why the writer of a pamphlet should be acquitted of lawbreaking for which the publisher of the same pamphlet is convicted is certainly hard to comprehend. It must be set down as one of those curious anomalies which are not infrequently found in the jury-room, where personal sentiment or personal prejudice often interferes with the orderly processes of reasoning.

At about the same time that Scott Nearing was acquitted, Victor L. Berger, Congressman-elect from Milwaukee, who had been accused of pro-Germanism and disloyalty to the United States, was convicted and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in a United States Court for violation of the same law under which Nearing was indicted and acquitted. Similar sentences were imposed upon Berger's co-defendants, the Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker, J. Louis Engdahl, William F. Kruse, and Adolph Germer.

The fact that Berger and his associates were convicted in Chicago, which is supposed to have been a conspicuous victim of pro-German influences, and that Nearing was acquitted in New York, which has always regarded itself as pro-Ally, indicates the difficulty of trying to draw hard-and-fast geographical lines in determining the loyalty of American citizens.

#### OLE HANSON

Ole Hanson, Mayor of Seattle, who has leaped into National prominence, is of Norwegian descent. He says, "My father and mother left Norway in order

to enjoy greater liberty and freedom for themselves and their children." Their son Ole was born in Wisconsin. He left that State sixteen years ago and drove to Seattle in a wagon. He bought a grocery store there, sold out and went into the insurance and then into the real estate business, and all this time kept himself so much in touch with politics that three of his nine children bear the names, Theodore Roosevelt Hanson, William Taft Hanson, and Lloyd George Hanson.

Mr. Hanson also became a candidate for office. He was repeatedly elected to the State Legislature. He succeeded in having enacted an eight-hour-day law for women, an eight-hour-day law for miners, and an anti-racetrack gambling law. In 1912 he was a Roosevelt leader, and in 1914 ran on the Progressive ticket for United States Senator, polling a vote of nearly 100,000. Then he became Mayor of Seattle.

The recent labor trouble there arose in this wise. The shipyard workers had agreed to remain under the jurisdiction of the Federal Wage Adjustment Commission until March 31; despite which they struck for \$8 a day, with \$7 and \$6 a day for helpers and common laborers. The Emergency Fleet Corporation, operating the shipyards, declared that it would close the yards rather than pay such wages. Thereupon some twenty-five thousand shipyard workers laid down their tools. Later, workers in all classes of labor were called to go out in a general and sympathetic strike. Industry was at a standstill in Seattle. No street cars were running, and the streets had been strewn with tacks to prevent the passage of motor cars.

This was bad enough, in all conscience, on the surface, but under the surface it was worse. The whole thing had been planned by the I. W. W. and Bolshevik elements as the beginning of a revolution. The Seattle hold-up was to extend to the entire State, and then to other States, until it had spread over the entire country. The Government was to be conducted by the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, as in Russia!

#### GET RID OF THE REDS

Seattle was saved, the State of Washington and the country were saved, by the energetic action of one man. As soon as the strikers made it evident that they expected to usurp the functions of the city police, the Mayor of Seattle made this announcement: "Any one who attempts to take over Government functions here will be shot on sight." At the same time Mr. Hanson organized a thousand or more extra policemen, armed with rifles and shotguns, and obtained fifteen hundred

regulars from Camp Lewis. He thereupon published the following proclamation:

By virtue of the authority vested in me as Mayor, I hereby guarantee to all the people of Seattle absolute and complete protection. . . .

We can and will get the services, if necessary, of every soldier in the Pacific Northwest to protect life, business, and property. . . .

The Anarchists in this community shall not rule its affairs.

All persons violating the laws will be dealt with summarily.

"You can't bunco Ole," remarked the Mayor later. It was true. The I. W. W. and Bolsheviks knew the Mayor "meant business," and that all law-and-order elements were behind him. His stand put a quietus on the attempted revolution.

In a letter read in New York City on February 20 Mr. Hanson said:

Our attempted revolution in Seattle was brought about by alien agitators and criminal labor leaders who, drunk with power, believed they could start a flare here which would sweep over the country. . . .

Your duty and my duty and the duty of every patriotic American citizen is:

1. To stop the influx of antagonistic aliens;

2. To demand the passage of a law whereby aliens now in this country shall be compelled to register their addresses and re-register with each change of address;

3. To enact laws making the I. W. W. and kindred organizations outlaws;

4. To encourage in every manner possible public work of all kinds in city, State, and Nation. This should include bridges, railroads, power plants, etc., and last, but not least, great governmental enterprises for the irrigation of arid lands, the diking of overflowed lands, and, in some instances, the clearing of cutover lands.

There should be in each State, as Mayor Hanson added, some place where a man who is willing and able to work can find employment under decent living conditions. "Let us uphold our Government, its Constitution, and its ideals, but let us march forward a little each day."

In the kind of character represented by the Mayor of Seattle the element which desires disorder and our Government's overthrow meets its master. In upholding law and order and in demanding that labor conditions be made adequate Ole Hanson is a typical American.

#### BUY NOW!

The United States Council of National Defense, under its Director, Grosvenor Clarkson, has begun a Nation-wide campaign, urging the people of the country to buy only what they need, but to buy it now.

The Council's action is based on the general industrial and labor situation.

We have unemployment especially in the Northern States, according to Mr.

Clarkson, because outdoor work is suspended; workers on outdoor improvements and in normal outdoor labor have crowded into the congested cities, and are finding difficulty in getting temporary employment.

To this, said he, there is added the factor of business hesitation—a normal condition in any post-war readjustment. To some extent prices are declining, and men hesitate to buy materials and supplies on a falling market. This of course means stopping work in some places and reducing the amount of work done in others.

Finally, the return of soldiers in large numbers adds to the problem.

Its peculiar peril at this time is because the situation invites the activities of certain restless elements, especially the Bolsheviks. As in Europe, so in America, empty stomachs and empty purses create opportunity for the Bolsheviks. Their fellows, the I. W. W. agitators, seize the same occasion.

Now there is much business waiting to be done in America. Private stocks are low. The country's means are ample. When the full flow of private buying begins, there will be, well-informed observers prophesy, business for all. But to bring it about months will be required.

And yet action is needed now!

In the ultimate analysis, trade rests upon the personal purchases of individuals. If all were to stop buying, there would be no business. In normal times it is called good business to delay buying until the market reaches bottom. But these are not normal times—these days of demobilization when many men are vainly seeking work. We must save them from unemployment and from what is worse, from the social consequences to them and to the country.

There must be no waste. We must still save and at the same time must tap the springs of commerce and avert the dangers from labor unrest. Hence a good rule is Mr. Clarkson's: "Buy only what you need, but *buy it now.*"

#### IN HONOR OF LOWELL

One of the truest and most pertinent things said of James Russell Lowell in the many centenary addresses of February 22 was Professor Brander Matthews's remark: "Lowell's Americanism was uncompromising, but it was partly because he knew himself to be a direct descendant of the Elizabethans that he was able to make himself at home with the Victorians. All the years he was in England he kept his flag flying at the masthead that he might, on occasion, dip it in the courtesy of a salute."

It was just because Lowell loved English literature and respected England's sturdy independence that he was so good an American; for these things

by inheritance form part of the American character. So Lowell could interpret either country to the other with sympathy. In his writing at home and in his bearing as American Minister in England he was at his ease, robust in his Americanism, yet with broad understanding of English life and ways.

It was fitting that the centenary observance was not merely of Harvard, of Boston, or even of New England, but was international in its speakers. At the meeting held in New York, under the auspices of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the most notable addresses were made by Mr. Galsworthy, the English novelist and dramatist, Alfred Noyes, the English poet, Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, and Professor Matthews, of Columbia—a truly representative four. Mr. Galsworthy came to America for the express purpose of paying this tribute to Lowell. His address laid stress on literary ideals and “the proper and exalted use of this great and splendid instrument—our common language.” And he reminded Americans that in our times, at least, “speech is action, words are deeds, in a sophisticated world; we cannot watch our winged words too closely.” “Let us,” he urged, “make our language the instrument of truth; prune it of lies and extravagance, of perversions and all the calculated battery of partisanship; train ourselves to such sobriety of speech and penmanship that we come to be trusted at home and abroad, so making our language the medium of honesty and fair play that meanness, violence, sentimentality, and self-seeking become strangers in our two lands.”

Lowell might have used such words as these; if they are followed in spirit and purpose by the two great English-speaking peoples, there will always be mutual respect and mutual support.

#### A SQUARE DEAL FOR COUNTRY SCHOOL-CHILDREN

The city man has long lived under the delusion that his country cousin's children enjoyed perfect health. The United States Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, says that it is not so, and has taken steps to give the “barefoot boy with cheek of tan” the benefit of medical supervision in his rural schools. The boy's sister also needs it, for, according to the Bureau's investigation, adenoids, astigmatism, malnutrition, and defects of teeth and ear are almost as prevalent among the boys and girls of our rural communities as among city children. And the unfortunate part of it is that at the present time there is no such widespread provision for the examination of the health of country children as there is in almost every city,

nor a hundredth part of the remedial facilities.

According to statistics furnished by the Bureau of Education, a full half of the men rejected for physical defects by the Army and Navy medical boards in the last year and a half were defective because their health in childhood had been neglected. The sane thing seems to be to reach the country children through their schools, as the city children have been reached for a long time. In so important a work as health conservation it is difficult to believe that the various State and county authorities will hesitate to fall in with the Government's plans, which call for an expenditure of less than two thousand dollars a year per county. The plans call for the appointment of a county health supervisor by the county school authorities. This officer need not be a trained nurse, but should possess personality and executive ability sufficient to awaken the community to the necessity of caring for the common defects of the children. As advanced by Dr. Hiram Byrd, to whose charge the nationalization of the plan has been committed by the Bureau, the scheme assumes the same humanitarian and scientific support from the small town doctor as our city medical men and dentists have given to the city plan in the form of clinics and minor operations at reduced fees. According to Dr. Byrd, the county health or medical supervisor, equipped with an automobile, will be able to solve the problem of transportation which has so often prevented the child in the country from obtaining medical and dental assistance when needed.

Already the plan has been tried out in the South, and the results proved excellent. Women's clubs and societies in the rural communities of several counties have accomplished remarkable work in conserving the health of their children simply by rounding up a few automobiles and taking the defective children into the nearest town affording a specialist. It has been proved again and again that almost anything in the way of personal services, donation of medical materials or even money, can be secured by the county medical supervisor in behalf of defective children. It is to be hoped that the plan will be quickly instituted throughout the country, for obviously the health of the children comes before, and not after, those matters of such absorbing interest to the rural press: good roads, bigger hogs, and more bushels to the acre.

#### BETTER-TRAINED TEACHERS FOR OUR RURAL SCHOOLS

It was the opinion of the National Conference on Rural Education and Country Life, held at Daytona, Florida, early in February, that the need for bet-

ter-trained rural school-teachers is positively urgent. This is true of the country in general; the demand for teachers is far greater than the supply, and some communities are obliged to put up with instructors who have had barely a grammar school education. But it is particularly true, the Conference brought out, of the South. Texas was said to have an alarmingly large number of teachers whose own schooling had gone no further than the seventh grade. Another Southern State, exercising its sovereign right of spending the public moneys, appropriated \$75,000 for the correction of a minor disease affecting the legs of its cows, and in the same month gave for the training of teachers for its rural population exactly \$6,000.

Specific plans for remedying this condition have been worked out. First, there should be more normal schools in every State of the Union; or the same result may be obtained without the cost of new buildings and additional faculties by the introduction of co-education in the existing institutions. Second, the large number of teachers already in the service with no better than grade-school education should be given opportunity to bring themselves up to requirements—that is, to a position equivalent to a high school graduate. Institutes for this purpose should be held in each county, possibly under the direction of the county supervisor of education, and attendance for those necessary should be compulsory. Third, the country school-teacher should be given a living wage, for the present low standards of pay offer no inducement for the acquisition of a higher education to be used in teaching.

Sixty per cent of the children of the United States live, not in cities, but in rural communities. Perhaps if this fact were drilled into the State legislative minds of the United States, the matter of education in the smaller communities would loom up a bigger thing and larger appropriations for improving rural schools result.

#### THE MEDICAL SERVICE AND WAR

Two impressive testimonies have just been given to the value of the medical service in war.

The first is from Dr. Alexander Lambert, among the best known of New York City physicians, chief medical adviser of all American Red Cross activities in France and Belgium. Here in America we have known little of certain services there of the American Red Cross. In a recent statement Dr. Lambert, now Colonel Lambert, told of its establishment of a monthly “Bulletin” for the dissemination of scientific information—a publication which has had an amazing growth; of its

# CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

*Kirby in the New York World*



BRINGING HOME THE BACON  
THE GREATEST OUTCOME OF THE WAR

*Darling in the New York Tribune*



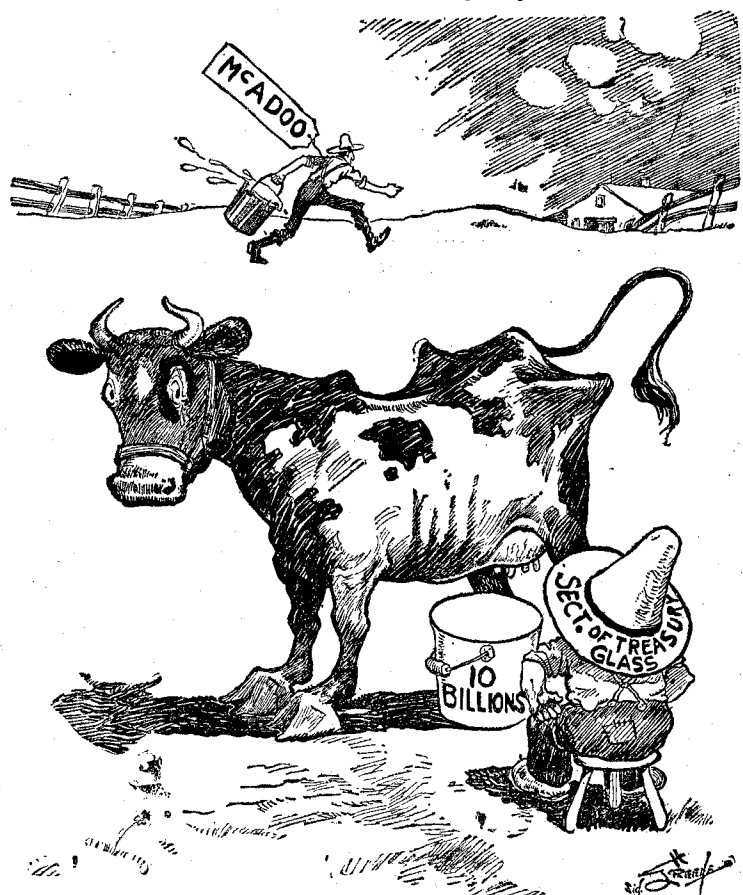
"PICKING ON" THE NEW PUPIL  
THE GOOD BOY'S RECEPTION BY THE OLD GANG

*Rogers in the New York Herald*



THE NEW CZAR AS MME. BRESHKOVSKY PAINTS HIM  
A LOVER OF LIBERTY DISGUSTED WITH THE LOVERS  
OF LICENSE

*Greene in the New York Evening Telegram*



A BIT DRY?  
THE NATIONAL COW OBJECTS TO BEING MILKED ALL  
THE TIME

inauguration of monthly meetings at Paris among the medical services of the various countries at which the latest experiences were reviewed in the light of comparative criticism; and that it actually furnished much material not obtainable elsewhere.

This was particularly notable as regards nitrous oxide, popularly known as "laughing gas." By the use of chloroform or ether, said Dr. Lambert, surgeons had been able to save about fifty per cent of abdominal wound cases, but with nitrous oxide the percentage rose to seventy-two per cent. In this connection the speaker's statement regarding all wounds in stationary or trench warfare was noteworthy, namely, that about ninety-five per cent were shell wounds and only about five per cent bullet wounds.

Vividly describing the dreadful effects of gas as first used by the Germans, Colonel Lambert paid his tribute to the late Admiral Mahan, who at the First Hague Conference (1899) refused to sign a treaty by which the United States should bind itself against the use of gas. Germany signed and broke the treaty. America refused to sign, but used gas only in retaliation.

The second testimony to the medical service is found in the just-published chart by General March, Chief of Staff. It shows that for the first time in history the death rate in battle is greater than that from disease. General March quotes statistics from the Mexican, Civil, Spanish, and the late war. In the Mexican War the battle rate was 15 per thousand, the disease rate 110 per thousand. In the Civil War the battle rate was 33 per thousand, the disease rate 65 per thousand. In the Spanish War the battle rate was 5 per thousand, the disease rate 26. In the late war the battle rate was 57 per thousand, and the disease rate only 17. It will be noted that while the battle rate is irregular, namely, 15, 33, 5, 57, in these four wars, the disease rate shows a progressive decline, 110, 65, 26, 17.

Certainly this decline will encourage those who have long labored to reduce human mortality by hygienic and medical means.

#### ART AND AMERICANIZATION

Children should appreciate what art means. They should also appreciate what America means. In Boston, at least, they have a chance at both—and at one and the same time.

There are an immense number of foreigners in Boston, and of course an immense number of children of foreign descent. Every Saturday afternoon any child between nine and fourteen years old may go to a series of Saturday afternoon stories at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. After they have heard the story and have seen

pictures which illustrate it on the screen they are formed into groups to visit the Museum galleries. In each case the story centers about one or more objects in the Museum, which are first shown on the screen; afterwards, in the galleries, the children have the pleasure of recognizing what has become familiar both by story and picture.

"The Nations Come to America Bringing Gifts" is the title of the series of stories now being told, so we learn from the Museum "Bulletin." Every week there is a story of some one country—England, for instance, or Italy, Japan, or Syria—and each story focuses on the Museum collections from those particular countries, and, what is more, each story suggests some traits that are characteristic of the peoples who have come to this country.

Here is where the under-motive of Americanization is evident. As the "Bulletin" well says, "it is hoped that, even in a small way, a better acquaintance with what is good in the work and spirit of these countries may help the children to want to use these gifts in the service of America."

Such a simple, friendly way of seeing the Museum will, we are sure, make it seem natural to children, whether foreign-born or American-born, to like and enjoy beautiful objects, and to love the good things of which our country is proud, to become in very truth Americans.

#### THE FEDERAL CIVIL SERVICE

Perhaps the most striking feature of modern politics is the steady increase in the number and variety of governmental activities. A generation ago we had about a hundred thousand Federal employees in the Civil Service. There are now some six hundred thousand. About four hundred thousand of these are in the competitive class.

As indications of legislative enactments which have caused the increase in number of employees and in the variety of service are the following:

The service of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, and the Farm Loan Board.

The Pure Food Law's demands for experts in chemistry and bacteriology.

The services of the Commissions to administer the provisions of the Federal Employees' Compensation Law and of the Eight-Hour Work Day for Federal employees.

The extraordinary powers granted to the United States Shipping Board in the matter of the employment of skilled labor in building up a merchant marine.

The expert knowledge demanded in the administration of the Cotton Futures Law, the Grain-Standard Law, and the Warehouse Law.

The service demanded by the Council

of National Defense, the Aircraft Board, the War Industries Board, the War Trade Board, the War Finance Corporation, the War Risk Insurance Service, the United States Employment Service, the United States Housing Bureau, the Alien Property Custodian's Bureau, the Vocational Education Board, etc.

Thus the obtaining of high-grade men for Government work is far more urgent both as to numbers and quality than when our Government service was comparatively simple.

#### A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

WE have said that the greatest question before the American people to-day is, Shall America join a League of Nations? Next in importance and inseparably connected with it is the question, Is the constitution of such a League which has been formulated in Paris the best constitution practicable? These are great questions. They are not to be determined by the President or by Congress for the United States; they are to be determined by the people of the United States.

We are therefore glad that Mr. Taft has campaigned from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast for a League. We are glad that the League to Enforce Peace has held nine congresses to urge the adoption of such a League by the nations, and is now preparing to organize State branches for the same purpose in various States of the Union. We are glad that the President in his Boston speech has put before the people of the United States his view of this question.

And while we agree with Mr. Taft and with the President, we are glad that Senator Borah, Republican, and Senator Reed, Democrat (with whom we do not agree), are going to campaign against the League. We hope that the report is correct that both the opponents and the advocates of the League are well supplied with funds for such a campaign. It will be a shameful thing if America should carelessly or ignorantly allow such a League to be adopted in its name and by its apparent authority, and then, because it had acted carelessly, ignorantly, and without the real authority of the people, should fail to fulfill its pledges and to perform the delicate and difficult duties which it had undertaken. We agree heartily with the conclusion of our editorial correspondent on another page: "America has won the confidence of the world. She cannot afford to lose it." She will lose it, and will deserve to lose it, if she carelessly makes or allows others to make for her promises now, and when the time for fulfillment comes disregards or repudiates her promises.

For this reason we shall give to our

readers from time to time the arguments both for and against a League of Nations. For this reason we are very glad to give by the pen of our editorial correspondent in Paris what we believe to be the best statement of the difficulties in the way of such a League as those difficulties are seen by thoughtful men abroad.

But, despite these difficulties, we are heartily in favor of such a League as has been proposed. At present the published constitution is only the report of a committee. It has not yet been adopted by the Peace Conference. Before its adoption it can be amended. But, with or without amendment, we hope for its adoption.

Let us turn for a moment to our correspondent's definition of the objects of such a League.

Its task is to secure peace.

There are great difficulties in the way of substituting the appeal to reason for the appeal to force, but it is hardly conceivable that the danger to the world of this attempt to secure a world peace can be greater than the danger of continuing war as the only recognized method of settling international disputes.

It is to provide for the freedom of small nations.

But freedom and independence are not synonyms. The American colonies in 1787 surrendered their independence, became interdependent, and declared in the Preamble to their Constitution that they did so in order to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." It is easily conceivable that the liberty of the Irish might be destroyed, not secured, by the political independence of Ireland.

It is to provide for the administration of territories, not self-governing, in the interest of the whole world.

A difficult task; but America has herself pointed the way by her administration of the Philippines and her protectorate over Cuba.

It is to provide for the management of international business that single nations cannot perform alone—to prevent world anarchy.

If they cannot do this alone, then it must either be done by co-operation or left undone. What happens when it is left undone the present condition of Russia illustrates. That it can be done by co-operation between self-governing states has been proved by the success both of the United States and of Great Britain—the former by her federal system, the latter by her colonial system.

But these results cannot be obtained by fine phrases. They can be obtained only by noble deeds, inspired by what we may call international patriotism. Is it possible to hitch this star of international patriotism to the wagon of practical world politics? We hope and believe it is.

## THE LAW OF LIBERTY

MR. GATHANY, in *The Outlook* for February 5, proposes to his class the following question: "The Outlook is doubtful whether any faction in Germany understands the meaning of the phrase, 'the law of liberty.' Explain to the Germans and to some Americans what this law does mean." In this article we join his class, and offer the following answer:

Probably the popular conception of law is, A command issued to an inferior by a superior who has power to enforce obedience by the infliction of penalty. This definition has descended to us from the usual conception of law under monarchical governments. It is not an adequate definition for a free people. For it assumes that the authority of law depends on the *power* of the superior to compel obedience, and involves the notion that might makes right.

Law is not imposed from without by any authority, human or divine. It is wrought by the Creator in the very substance of the creation. Natural law is in the nature of material things and material forces; the moral law is in the nature of man and his relations to others.

These laws are self-enforcing. If a father tells his boy not to eat green apples, he does not have to punish the boy's disobedience. The green apple punishes him. If an engineer, through carelessness, ignorance, or obstinacy, violates the laws of nature in the fire he builds under the boiler, either the locomotive does not move or the boiler bursts. If a nation violates the moral laws which are wrought in the nature of man and of society, nothing can prevent the disaster which sooner or later befalls the nation. Ten millions of whites endeavored to hold three millions of Negroes in slavery. The North shared with the South in this violation of the law of human brotherhood. And the North shared with the South in the consequences which this violation of law brought upon the country.

Dr. Lyman Beecher in the last century preached a notable sermon on "The Bible a Book of Laws." But the Bible is not a book of laws. It is a book of interpretations. The Ten Commandments do not make it wrong to kill, to steal, to commit adultery, to slander one's neighbor. The authority for the Ten Commandments does not depend on the question who first wrote them, or when or where they were written. They were written in the conscience of mankind long before they were written on stone. If they truly interpret the conscience, they are authoritative; if they do not truly interpret the conscience, they are not authoritative. The authority is in the soul of man.

All intellectually sane men recognize

the fact that natural law is universal. All morally sane men recognize the fact that moral law is universal. It is true that the moral law is differently understood and differently interpreted, not only by different individuals, but also differently in different epochs and by different communities. It is true that custom is often given the force of moral law by public opinion; that, for example, for a woman to go unveiled is counted wrong in Constantinople and right in New York. It is not always easy to determine what is custom and what is moral law. But the fundamental right of men to themselves and their property and their well-earned good name, and the right of parents to their children and of husbands and wives to each other against all assailants, are recognized in all civilized communities.

It is true that individuals, and sometimes even philosophers, deny the existence of any other moral law than custom and any other right than custom confirms. It is true that the thief sometimes justifies his stealing, the assassin his murder, the roué his seduction, the slanderer his "freedom of speech." But not when he is the victim. He does not justify the man who robs his store, or kills his child, or seduces his daughter, or vilifies him. We have just now a striking illustration on a large scale of this curious inconsistency in man. Formerly Germans said that might makes right. Now that the Allies have proved that they possess the might, no German defends their right to use that might as they will. They said, "Necessity knows no law." No German now affirms that the necessity of France and of Belgium knows no law. German writers justified enforcing by the lash compulsory labor from natives in African colonies. But now the German Government cries out against compelling German prisoners to labor at repairing the damages Germany has done to France and Belgium. Nietzsche contended that the moral law was not binding upon the state, since the state made the moral law, but no disciple of Nietzsche has been heard from contending that it is not binding upon the Allies.

Toward this universal law, whether natural or moral, three attitudes of mind are possible:

We may disregard law and take the consequences.

We may submit to law and avoid the perils of disregarding it.

We may accept law and make it an instrument of power.

A boy disregards the laws of health; smokes, drinks, eats whatever tickles his palate, devotes to lawless pleasures the hours which should be devoted to sleep, and at length is taken dangerously ill. The physician cross-examines him, gets from him the story of his life, and says to

him: "If you will turn right about and obey the laws of health, there is no reason why you may not in a year recover your health; but if you go on living as you have been living, I give you a year of life, not more."

The boy is frightened, and sullenly submits to the restrictions which the doctor puts upon him. He hates them, but does not disobey them.

Two years later he goes to college. The athletic captain sees possibility in him, invites him to a conference, tells him that if he will go into training, keep regular hours, eat regular meals, eschew tobacco and alcohol, give a definite stipulated time to exercise, he may get on the boat crew. Now the boy sees in the laws of health an instrument of power, and sets himself zealously to understand and to employ them.

In the first stage he disregarded law; in the second stage he submitted to law; in the third stage he used law.

Of three college boys, one scoffs at the Sabbath law and uses all days alike; a second enforces on himself the Puritan law of the Sabbath, but wishes it were abolished; a third takes the Sabbath as a day of rest, refreshment, and inspiration, believes it was made for man, makes it a day of rest and gladness, and does more and better work in six days than he could do in seven.

Of three employers, one disregards the fundamental law of human brotherhood, the rule, Do unto others as you would have others do unto you, gives his working people as little and demands from them as much as he can; a second recognizes that they have rights, that to pay some regard to their welfare will cost him less than their ill will, and gives a grudging and imperfect obedience to the law of human brotherhood; the third looks after the interests of his employees as well as after his own, and finds their happiness as well as his own promoted by employing the law of human brotherhood in his business.

By understanding and using natural law we get liberty to outrun the deer, to outswim the fish, and to outfly the birds. By understanding and using the moral law, by doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God, we get a social liberty which neither the criminal who deliberately disregards law nor the savage who does not know it ever enjoys or ever can enjoy.

Law is not a command issued by a superior to an inferior. It is the nature of material things and material forces. It is the nature of man and the social order.

Liberty is not freedom from law. It is not lawlessness. If it were, it would be necessary to get outside the universe in order to gain liberty. For law pervades, controls, unifies, the universe.

Liberty is not inconsistent with law.

It is founded on law. It is the use of law for the benefit of mankind. The secret of liberty is contained in Mr. Huxley's definition of education, which includes "the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with these laws."

These laws are called the laws of God, because they are the laws of his own being. Therefore is he called a righteous God. They are the laws of mankind, because man is a child of God and inherits his nature from his Father. The Bolsheviki, in defying the laws of the social order, have challenged God. The issue cannot be doubtful.

On August 15, 1914, The Outlook said: "We do not undertake to interpret the will or purpose of the Almighty. But we believe with Hegel that God has a plan and that history is nothing but the working out of his plan in human affairs. And we believe that the Austrian Prime Minister and the German Emperor have made a fatal mistake in leaving this truth out of their reckoning in their endeavor to destroy the great democratic movement in Europe." The leaders of the Bolsheviki have made the same mistake in leaving God out of their reckoning, and will not be more successful in their mad endeavor to destroy the rights of men and to substitute the self-will of a class for the laws of the eternal.

## THRIFT INSURANCE

**N**OW that the war is over, what is going to be done in this country to maintain and carry on the unprecedented spirit of thrift which has been developed by the various Liberty Loan campaigns?

That twenty-two million subscribers were obtained for the last Liberty Loan is one of the most remarkable social and economic phenomena of history. A very large proportion of these subscribers bought their bonds on the installment plan, and therefore have been and are being trained in what may be called compulsory thrift.

Is this remarkable spirit of thrift to be allowed to die out? If not, what machinery can be used to carry it on?

Much may be done by private effort—by education in the schools, by extending the facilities of the savings banks, by improving and enlarging the operations of the postal savings system, by the adoption of plans which are already formulated by the Treasury Department for cultivating the thrift spirit among the people of the country. Nevertheless, commendable as all these efforts are, they lack one element which is essential to any plan of Nation-wide saving that is to become permanent and successful—the element of compulsion. By compulsion we

mean, of course, that of moral and not physical force. Neither the savings banks nor the Treasury Department can introduce the compulsory factor which was an essential part of the Liberty Loan and War Savings Stamps campaign.

Is there any American financial or industrial institution which is by nature fitted for carrying on the work of compulsory thrift in American society? We think that the answer to this question may be found in the life insurance companies.

The great life insurance companies of the United States are really public service institutions. The American public does not begin to realize what the life insurance companies have done in the way of enabling the individual citizen to save his money and to put it to useful work, not only in promoting his own prosperity, but also in developing the resources and improving the general welfare of the country. They are really co-operative societies in which the accumulated small savings of their army of policy-holders are put to work building railways, erecting mills and factories, clearing land, cultivating farms, and furnishing much of the industrial power and energy which has made the people of the United States the greatest Nation in the world.

Every young man, or young woman for that matter, who can be persuaded to take out a policy in a high-class, reputable insurance company thereby enters upon a career of saving. The policy-holder is compelled to pay the premium on the policy *regularly* (in annual, semi-annual, quarterly, or monthly payments) in order to get the full benefit of the undertaking. It is the required payment of the premium at regular intervals that forms the compulsory motive for saving, a motive which no other form of nationally organized thrift can so well supply.

The life insurance companies of America would be performing a real service at this juncture in our National life if they should work out some plan for undertaking a National campaign of education to teach young men and women the value of life insurance as the most desirable method ever invented for conserving savings.

## LENTEN LESSONS—I

"**B**EHOLD, I make all things new."  
—Revelation xxi. 5.

When does God make all things new?

He is doing it now. He is always making things new. Every hour is a new hour; every spring is a new spring; every babe is a new child of God; every generation is a new generation. Nothing is a mere repetition of what was made before. There are no replicas. Nothing is machine-made. We do not live in a

factory. Creation is a process, not a product. The world is still on the loom, still in the making, which explains why there are so many of what seem to the critics of God to be imperfections. God is not a great First Cause who set the universe running in some remote period of the past and left it to turn out the results of a manufacture. He is the Infinite and Eternal Energy from whom all things proceed. Every day is a creative day. Every spring he commands: "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind." And the earth hears the voice of its God and obeys.

But there are times when his power in this creative work is more apparent than at other times. It is more apparent in spring than in midwinter. It is more apparent at the dawn than at the noon-time. It is peculiarly apparent in the spiritual realm to-day. The great war has destroyed some of the old institutions of an imperfect civilization and it has shaken others. But this is all it has done. It has destroyed much. It has built nothing.

But now the period of building has arrived. The opportunity is afforded us to reconstruct our political, our industrial, our educational, and our religious institutions more in conformity with the divine law, more in harmony with the divine spirit. This necessity is as imperative, if not as immediate, in the United States as in Europe. Opportunities involve obligations. What we can do we ought to do. We are in the world in order to work with God in building the world aright; and in this work of rebuilding, religious reconstruction is more important than either political, industrial, or educational reconstruction.

To those who believe that God is in his world, this declaration of the inspired prophet, "Behold, I make all things new," comes as a command, as a guide, and as an inspiration.

It is a command; God is not merely conserving: he is improving, developing, renovating, reconstructing. This fact is in itself a command to his children to improve, develop, renovate, reconstruct.

It is a guide: we are to understand the signs of the times and are to move toward the ideal of human brotherhood which God puts before us and along the pathway which his providence indicates to us.

And it is an inspiration: there is nothing too great for us to undertake with God as our Comrade and our Leader.

The problems of reconstruction are more complex and more difficult than the problems of war, but they are not more difficult than those which confronted our fathers after the American Revolution; or those which confronted the Puritans when they crossed the sea to the unknown

continent in the West; or those which confronted Luther after the Diet of Worms; or those which confronted the Apostles in the dawning of Christianity.

With Christ's teaching for our ideal and with Christ's comradeship as our strength, we need not fear to enter upon the undertaking which lies before us.

In this undertaking the reconstruction of our religious institutions comes first. Some things which that reconstruction necessarily involves I propose to speak of in the following Lenten Lessons.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

## CONCERNING SUBURBS AND THE AUTO-LOCOMOTION OF WASH- LADIES

THE Happy Eremit saw a dark figure pass the window in the direction of the street, and looked up. It was the laundress. He watched her walk through the yard and through the front gate; he watched her cross the street and stand still near the corner where the trolleys stopped. In the distance he heard the humming of wheels on steel rails. The car was coming. Fascinated, he watched it as it turned the corner at the farther end of the open square, ran down the block, turned another corner, ran down another block, and stopped. He saw the laundress ascend the step and disappear.

The Eremit stretched his feet out toward the oil stove which was the suburb's substitute for an open fire. "Oh, joy! oh, rapture!" he murmured, half aloud. "The woman is going on her own feet and on the wheels of the Interurban Trolley Company! The day's washing is over, and I'm not getting up from my desk and flinging myself into a fur coat and packing up a rather unpleasant Finn in our automobile robes and taking her three miles to her front door. I am not doing anything of that sort. I am sitting with my feet against an oil stove, knowing that the wash-lady is ready to go home, and not budging; seeing her come out of the house, and not budging; seeing her pass the window and knowing that I have no responsibility whatsoever for her further progress. She may live around the corner or she may live twenty miles away. It makes no difference to me. The roads between my house and her house may be bogs and little brooks where automobiles heave and toss and throw the spray like tramp steamers nosing into a storm. I do not care. The day's washing is over, and the wash-lady's further history is to me as the gossip of Peacock Alley to Anaxagoras. I say only this: Since she leaves me in peace, may peace be hers! Good-night and good riddance. Amen!"

The Happy Eremit delivered this

dithyrambic out of the depths of a great relief. For six years, once a week or twice a week, he had driven the car three miles fetching a washerwoman in the morning and three miles carrying her home at night. With bad grace at first, which time had mellowed at last into the better grace of resignation, he had interrupted his morning session at his desk and that even more cherished afternoon session (accompanied as it was by a cup of tea) to wait upon the coming and going of heavy-eyed foreign women whose washing, unlike charity, did not always begin at home. Many a pleasant verse, almost captured, had dodged and vanished at the sound of some hoarse voice outside his study calling, "Meester boss, you, I ready to go—oh!" Many a good idea had evaporated in the minute of profane insurrection that preceded his acceptance of the fact that living in the country entailed responsibilities not to be evaded.

And now, for two weeks of Heaven-sent relief, he had been living, not in the country, but in that object of his perennial scorn, a suburb. The Happy Eremit turned on water-faucets just for the fun of saying to himself that there were a billion gallons or more to draw on, and the pumping of it no responsibility of his. He sat down to his breakfast, conscious that around the corner was a grocery store with enough hominy in it to last his family for forty years, and he would not have to go in the car three miles down and three miles back to get it. He ran for the trolley on the way to his new "job" as a boy runs out of school on an unexpected holiday. No fear of tires gone flat overnight hung on his spirit, no apprehension of a battery "gone dead." Some one came from outside even to take care of the furnace—a great silent Irishman whom he never saw coming or going.

The Happy Eremit glowed. He stretched himself. He purred. He loafed about after breakfast; he loafed about after supper. He found time for endless games of parchesi with Elizabeth; he became acquainted with the Baby; he took to reading stories of adventure; and with it all he found time for just about twice as much solid work as he had ever managed to accomplish on the farm.

"Let us by all means continue to scorn the suburb," murmured the Happy Eremit, "if that is the genteel thing to do. But at the same time I think it will not be on a farm three miles from anywhere that a family of Eremites will henceforth make their dwelling-place. An eremite, according to the dictionary, spends his days in meditation. What better place to meditate than a suburb, or what better time than the dusk of a March day as you warm your feet before an oil stove and watch a washerwoman scurrying across the street to catch a trolley car?"

## MEXICO TO-DAY—SOME IMPRESSIONS

THE editors of The Outlook have asked me to give my impressions of Mexico at the present time. The following article, in which I have considered certain phases of Mexican life under separate sub-headings, is based upon an experience of many years during which, as an American, I have lived and done business in the Mexican Republic. For obvious reasons I do not give my name, but the editors permit me to say that they have confidence in my good faith and responsibility.

*The Dangers of Railway Travel.* We took a train of the Mexican National Railway at Vera Cruz on the morning of October 25 last, *en route* to Mexico City. This is one of the main arteries of transportation of Mexico. We were told that bandits were operating along the line, and noticed at the station that a train consisting of a locomotive and a few freight cars with soldiers and their women and children on the tops of the cars was made up, which immediately preceded our train. At a point some thirty-five miles west of Vera Cruz we were startled by an explosion that was quickly followed by heavy firing all about.

It developed that bandits had exploded a dynamite bomb under the escort train, which at this time was just ahead of us, practically destroying it, and the firing that we heard came from groups of bandits who had located along the line of the railway in the brush, and also the defensive firing of the troops of the escort train and perhaps fifty or sixty who were riding on the tops of the cars of our train. Fortunately, our train backed away without delay and succeeded in arriving safely at a small station several miles to the rear. We afterwards learned that the outlaws had placed a bomb on the track a short distance back of the point of attack, which fortunately we had passed over without exploding. Within a few minutes several small groups of soldiers were sent up to the scene, and after several hours the bandits retired. Shortly afterwards the dead and wounded were brought in to where we were. There were no facilities for the care of the wounded, and the railway officials made no effort to hurry them back to Vera Cruz for attention. We stayed at this point in the midst of this terrible situation the entire day, and finally our train was backed to Vera Cruz, where we arrived some time before midnight. There were sixty-odd killed and some fifty wounded, many of the latter dying through lack of attention. Upon arrival at Vera Cruz we found that a *fiesta* was being held by a military group consisting of the general in charge of the military district and a number of his officers. They were celebrating with a banquet, dancing, music, etc., apparently not in the least interested in the tragedy that was being suffered just a short distance away. The truth of the matter is that they did not care what happened outside of the immediate district of the city of Vera Cruz.

This assault was committed by a group

of bandits who claimed to be part of the force of Felix Diaz, whose headquarters are well known and located but a short distance north of the point of attack. This rebel Diaz has established a comfortable headquarters from which he directs his banditry, and no determined effort has been made to capture or disperse the element that composes his following.

*Graft and Dishonesty.* Graft and dishonesty are everywhere rampant, having increased greatly since peon rule became the fashion. While I was in the store of a small photographer in one of the main cities a small peon tax-collector entered the store and, after an examination of the books, told the photographer what his taxes amounted to. He added that he expected a fee of twenty pesos, otherwise he would double the legitimate tax. There was no attempt at concealment, and the photographer paid the graft. After the tax-collector left, the photographer turned to me and said: "How long do we have to endure this? Why don't you Americans come to Mexico and give us the law and order necessary for the normal conduct of our lives?" A merchant was assessed thirty thousand pesos tax on a commodity. He paid fifteen thousand pesos, all of which went to the tax-collector. An American sugar company has been fighting a valiant fight for years in the effort to continue operations. At the present time it pays a garrison of a few Government soldiers one thousand pesos a month for local protection of its small industrial center, and fifteen hundred pesos a month to a band of bandits located but two miles away for outside protection. The men of these two groups are personally acquainted with one another and carry on a promiscuous traffic in stolen goods, arms, ammunition, etc. The bandits in the woods levy tribute on every possible occasion and now and then blow up the railway communication of the company.

During the latter part of November last the Carranza forces succeeded in capturing a portion of Felix Diaz's archives. This attack was under the command of one of the prominent Carranza generals, Candido Aguilar, who had previously been appointed Governor of the State of Vera Cruz. From these papers they secured names of many of the prominent business men and ranchers in the Vera Cruz district, in which there was evidence of the payment to Diaz by these men of money for protection. This general immediately arrested these men and threw many of them into imprisonment. My last advices are that there are a number still confined. One of these men secured an audience with Aguilar, and upon explaining the predicament of the average man in the hands of bandit gangs as to the necessity of his contributing or perhaps losing his life, Aguilar told him that he realized the soundness of the excuse, and observed merely that the payments being made were entirely too high! I hear from sources that I deem fairly reliable that this same illustrious Mexican general is himself paying tribute to ban-

dit who have their headquarters near one of his ranch properties.

*Opinions of Some Mexicans.* My business takes me to various parts of the Republic, and I never lose an opportunity of sounding the political sentiment of the average Mexican who is not a part of the governing class. During recent months I presume I have spoken with at least fifty, consisting of railway employees, ranchers, merchants, small industrial operators, etc. Perhaps eighty per cent of these representative men with whom I discussed Mexico and the solution of their grievous problems expressed themselves frankly of the opinion that they themselves have no hope that Mexico can re-establish law and order unaided. The majority look frankly to the United States for the aid so necessary in saving them from utter ruin and destruction. This opinion, as it impresses me, is not based upon any feeling of friendship for the American people, because there is no such friendship, but is the result of an experience of banditry from which they wish to escape, irrespective of any racial feeling. This class of people would offer no active resistance to the United States in the event of military intervention. A major of the Carranza army told me in a confidential way that he personally hoped for the day when the Yankees would clean up the country; that he would aid in so doing, provided he felt sure that they would remain until complete order had been restored, to insure his personal protection.

As an evidence of graft among the higher class I may mention that the average merchant of Mexico to-day pays for the use of freight cars for traffic sums ranging from 300 to 500 pesos per car. This is of course in addition to the freight rates. High officials in Mexico City receive this money, and there is no effort at concealment of the practice. The established freight rates of the railways are subject to modification if the right relationship is maintained with those in authority. It is difficult for the business man to determine what the actions of the political ring in charge of Mexico may be in modifying by arbitrary decree import or export duties on the most common and necessary food products. Only recently a group of producers of a very staple article purchased for \$50,000 an import duty on that article against supplies from outside countries, mainly the United States. A merchant of Mexico City recently paid 30,000 pesos for the privilege of having merchandise moved, at a modified freight rate, from one of the main seaports to Mexico City. The political ring at Mexico City operates in connection with a group of speculators to such an extent that their illicit gain yearly amounts to millions of dollars.

*The Railways.* The railways generally are going to ruin. During the four days from October 21 to 25 last, inclusive, bandits blew up five trains in the vicinity of the city of Vera Cruz. Between December 6 and 10 last, inclusive, they de-

stroyed five other trains. On December 10 a train containing many men, women, and children, composed of eighteen cars and a locomotive, was dynamited and burned on the dangerous mountain-side immediately west of the town of Maltrata. There is very little effort being made in the maintenance of track and equipment, and it is inevitable that transportation generally shall soon become entirely demoralized. On some of the railways there is scarcely enough equipment left to make up one train. On the Alvarado Railroad out of Vera Cruz there are but two locomotives and eight box cars left. There are no longer coaches available for passenger traffic, and people ride in box cars with holes cut in the sides for windows. This is equally true of the Inter-Oceanic line between Vera Cruz and Mexico City via Jalapa. The Vera Cruz Isthmus Railroad has suspended operations from time to time, owing to the destruction by outlaws, and there are scarcely any railway stations or section houses left along the entire line.

*The Character of the People.* The Mexican people possess many delightful characteristics, such as natural courtesy, kindness, respect for the helpless, crippled, or aged, and a patience that is remarkable. They are generally a primitive and elemental class, with the vices and virtues that naturally pertain to such a people; docile and obedient when found in their native state, and responsive to kind treatment. A natural servility that is peculiar to the Indian races is a trait common among them, and their respect for law and order is based, as it is with many of us, on fear of punishment if violated.

Juan was a peon of the Durango Mountains. He wandered into camp one hot spring day in search of work. He was rather old and bent, and seemed unlike the type of man the boys were looking for to do the heavy tasks about the mill. At my suggestion, however, he was given a chance. He went at his task without a word, and soon became happy in his surroundings and intercourse with his fellow-

laborers. A man was hurt, and I found that Juan that evening had made a trip of many miles over the broken trail to fetch medicine. The next morning he was at work, smiling and encouraging the men about him. I began to study him. He said he wanted to do his duties well because the money earned meant so much to him.

"My little girl over the mountain will be very happy when I go there to-morrow night with twelve pesos." I asked about her.

"Oh," he said, "she is my daughter, whose husband was killed last year. She has three babies and is very poor, and needs all the aid that I may be able to give her."

Juan stayed with us two years, until we finished and moved away. He would come to me to tell how a certain routine of work could be better organized. I placed him in charge, and he delighted in the accomplishing of things worth while. You would find him in the evening in the modest cottage of a mother with a sick child. They would call for Juan, and he would go. One day when he returned from a Sunday trip to his little girl he came to my office, hat in hand, with a pound or two of a native food called *pinole* wrapped in his colored handkerchief, a gift for the *patron*, or boss. I asked him one day:

"Why are you always so happy, Juan?"

"Because the great stars make one so, dear sir," he replied. "They light my way through the narrow trail, and always I find a welcome at the other end."

Some years afterward I fell desperately ill of fever while passing through a rugged, sparsely settled, and unproductive section of the Sierra Madre region of Chihuahua. It was but a short distance west of the district now dominated by Villa. On the evening of that day I asked a poor family if I could spend the night with them. They asked me no questions and gladly took me in. I became delirious and remained so for some time. One morning I awoke to find myself in a native rawhide bed, with a Mexican

woman fanning me and putting cold cloths on my head. She had sat at the head of my bed for days, prompted through her natural kindness to help me because I was a poor unfortunate.

Juan and the woman were Mexicans of the type of the lowly native that comprises a large part of the population of Mexico. I do not doubt that evil influences could lead them to acts of violence such as torment Mexico to-day, because they are simple folk and are easily led.

Many people have flocked to the cities from the country districts, with the result that many sections of the outlying productive regions are entirely depopulated, thus inflicting a serious economic loss, while cities such as Vera Cruz, Orizaba, Mexico City, etc., are handicapped by a serious burden of congestion of people who are struggling for an existence under conditions of extreme poverty.

The substantial relationship which we as Americans and they as Mexicans should have, and eventually shall have, is that based upon a mutual respect one for the other. The individual American and the individual Mexican may, and frequently do, have real and enduring friendships, but it is misleading to expect that in our relationship with our Latin friends to the south we must soon expect an international friendship. The great moral force of mutual respect and fair dealing is the foundation upon which is to be reared eventually the structure of a really friendly relationship between us. In the meantime the better element in Mexico should be aided by us in a military way in establishing law and order. They would respond to our efforts as Cuba has responded. The task of pacification would not be as difficult as we have frequently been asked to believe. The process of disarmament could be done quickly and there would be but a small fraction of the whole people who would attempt any sustained resistance once they believed we were in earnest in restoring to them, justly, the respect for law and the condition of order now so lamentably needed.

## A LEAGUE OR THE LEAGUE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM PARIS BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

AFTER organizing themselves and exchanging complimentary speeches, the delegates to the Conference at Paris, which is to establish a World Peace following the World War, made it their business to adopt as the first of their policies the proposal for the creation of a League of Nations.

According to opinion prevalent in Paris, this is to be recorded as a triumph for President Wilson. Although others have preceded him in advocating a League of Nations as a solution for the troubles of the world, it is President Wilson who has become recognized as the principal champion of the idea. He has not associated with his name any plan or scheme

for such a League. He has neither offered the draft of any organization nor subscribed to any one else's draft. He has been content with declaring himself committed to the principle of a League; but he has done this with such emphasis that he has made Europe regard the League of Nations as distinctively President Wilson's idea.

One reason for this is to be found in America's position in this Conference. Whether the war would have been won without American assistance is a question over which debate can be endless and must be fruitless. The fact is that the war ended as it did and because of America's participation in it. Here in Europe

the fact that America participated in the war, and participated effectually, is attributed to the leadership of President Wilson. There are a few people who remember the period of America's neutrality and who can recall some of President Wilson's utterances during that time; but most people in Great Britain and France, and among them I think I may include the principal leaders of public opinion, accept as a historical fact beyond dispute that President Wilson applied the weight of American resources and arms to the side of the Allies. Regarded thus as the one who made victory possible, President Wilson receives special attention when he states what new

order that victory should establish. But, more than that, President Wilson has come to be regarded as the interpreter of the meaning of the war. His notes issued from time to time during the hostilities have left an impression upon the minds of European peoples. Very few can tell you what those notes contained, but an uncounted number of people have received an impression from them of exalted idealism and disinterested, lofty, moral aims. In particular, what are known as President Wilson's Fourteen Points have come to be regarded as the Scriptures of the Allies' religion. Very few people can recite them or tell you what they contain; but if there is any discussion as to what the Allies were fighting for, all one needs to do is to produce these Fourteen Points and quote them, and there is no appeal.

This almost blind confidence of the peoples of Europe—specifically of Great Britain, France, and Italy—in the moral leadership of America, and, in particular, in the clairvoyance, good faith, and the almost infallible judgment of President Wilson, was apparent before the armistice. As the President has confessed, it has frightened him. It seems quite beyond the powers of any mortal to be as great, as illustrious, as inerrant, as these peoples expect President Wilson to be. Somehow he has raised their hopes to heights apparently beyond the reach of any man's attainment. Their expectation of a speedy coming of a Golden Age of which Mr. Wilson is not only the prophet but the very creator is a part of their faith in America. The common people of Europe trust the United States. The little states trust us. The big nations (I mean the people of the big nations—I do not know about their Governments) trust us too. It is true that Europe thinks of us as rich, and confidence in America is greatly fortified by the belief that American wealth can do very nearly everything. If you have a friend that you profoundly believe to be disinterested, it fortifies your faith in him to know that he is wealthy. Europe needs the wealth, the economic power, that we can bring her; and the Governments of the Allies know this, and do not value our friendship the less or treat our opinion more lightly because they know it. With a very few individuals this expectation of economic assistance from America may be sordid, selfish, commercial; but with the great mass of the people I am convinced that it is not; it is rather the confidence that a people as good and as great as the American people will use their vast possessions for the general good of mankind, and particularly for the good of their friends. And this popular confidence on the part of European peoples in the justice, wisdom, and benevolence of America is reflected in their Governments. There may be, I think there are, individuals in those Governments who may be cynical about it, but that does not affect the situation. I am much more certain that there are individuals in the Governments of all our associates in the war who are as honestly and

genuinely trustful of America as the plain people. And this confidence in America shows itself in the Peace Conference. If there are difficult, appallingly difficult, tasks ahead, there is also this good and wise friend of Europe and all the world who is working jointly with the rest, and who is so strong, so rich, so free from prejudice, that no problem can be insoluble so long as that friend stands by—that is the attitude of the peoples who have been through this war toward the United States. Is it strange, then, that when the President came over here he was acclaimed like a visiting angel from a better planet? Is it strange, then, that the free nations of Europe are willing to intrust to our hands any task we are willing to undertake? Is it strange, then, that one of the statesmen of Europe—I am not free to say whether of a small or great Power—said in my hearing that his country would go into any League of Nations that the United States would enter, but without the United States, no? This feeling is no sudden growth. It is not the result of President Wilson's visit. It is not the emotional reaction following war. It was, for example, evident in England early last November, before President Wilson's visit was broached, before even the end of the fighting had come. While the infantry, the artillery, and the air service of Great Britain were still driving back the Hun from Belgium and northern France, while still the British fleets were patrolling the high seas, I heard it repeatedly said that Great Britain was looking to the United States for unprejudiced moral leadership in the coming journey that Europe would have to take from war to peace. More significant still, I heard many a discussion of the problems of peace in which it was assumed that America would take a leading, if not the leading, part in the new world order. In a public address delivered in Scotland shortly after the armistice the lecturer proposed that America should take charge of Constantinople and the whole Jewish question (a large order when it is considered what part the Jews have played in Germany, in Bolshevism, in Rumania, and in Turkey). Englishmen, wearied and stricken by the war though they were, were looking forward to the approaching peace with apprehension; for they saw much more clearly than people in America were seeing the appalling size and complexity of its problems. Great Britain was certainly in no mood to take up new burdens of administration and government in various parts of the world. Everybody I met in Great Britain seemed to look upon America as the world's life-saver, not only because of what we had done in the war, but because our ideals and our immeasurable resources were at hand to be called upon in reconstituting the world after the war.

And I find somewhat the same feeling in France. It is not merely our wealth, but it is our success in establishing ordered liberty, that gives France hope for what we shall do. How far this faith in America reaches into the lives of the

people of France was indicated to me the other day by a poster I saw on a wall in a Paris street. I think part of it is worth reproducing here:

A la France de Demain :  
A la Jeunesse Française  
Méditez cet exemple  
qui nous vient de la Libre Amérique

Washington, 10 Juillet, 1918.

D'après le conseil de la Défense Nationale, 300,000 jeunes gens entre 16 et 19 ans se sont enrôlés dans les Ecoles d'Entraînement militaire; 400,000 jeunes gens suivent déjà les Cours d'Exercices militaires.

L'Union des Sociétés d'Education physique et de préparation au service militaire de France, agréée par M. le Ministre de la Guerre, poursuit le but qu'atteignent vos Frères d'Armes de Demain.

Nous avons conçu l'Idee!

Vous en ferez, comme eux, une Réalité.

**DEBOUT** POUR LA PATRIE  
LE DROIT  
LA LIBERTE

To France of To-Morrow

To French Young Manhood

Consider this Example

which comes to us from free America

Washington, 10 July, 1918.

According to the Council of National Defense, 300,000 young people between 16 and 19 years of age are enrolled in military training schools; 400,000 young people are already taking courses of military exercises.

The Union of Societies of Physical Training and of Preparation for the French Military Service, approved by the Secretary of War, has the same object as that attained by your Brothers-in-Arms of To-Morrow.

We have conceived the Idea!

You, like them, make it a Reality.

**STAND UP** FOR YOUR COUNTRY  
FOR THE RIGHT  
FOR LIBERTY

That was posted up during the last months of the fighting. It was an appeal to the example of America in war; but it serves to show the way in which the French had come to look on us. "Example"—"free America"—"your Brothers-in-Arms of To-Morrow"—"You, like them." Does it take much imagination to see what lies behind such words and phrases? America before the war ended had come to be regarded as the golden hope of the world, the pattern of free peoples, the symbol of the future.

Therefore, when President Wilson came out with his strong indorsement of the League of Nations, his leadership was acknowledged and the doctrine of the League of Nations was at once joyfully accepted.

There were of course people who shook their heads; there were doubters; there were cynics; there were trained and experienced observers of public affairs who were ready to admit that it was a good political move, but shrugged their shoulders and made no pretense of believing that anything real would come of it. They would wait and see how this plan, which was generally hailed in theory, would fare when it encountered an actual job.

But the common people did not doubt. And political leaders had no choice but to follow the lead of the common people.

Most of them, I am convinced, followed that lead gladly. They are in a position of leadership because they think the way the people think. At any rate, the free nations of Europe have taken us at our word.

This is the thing to be remembered:

Europe has taken America at her word.

Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Greece, the Poles, the Jugoslavs, the Czechoslovaks, those Russians who have remained our friends—they have all taken us at our word. They have accepted our doctrine. Now they expect us to do our share.

What is the task that this League of Nations, to which we have committed ourselves, is to do?

First, it is a task to secure peace—to prevent war.

Second, it is a task to provide for the freedom of small nations—to prevent the domination of small nations by big ones.

Third, it is to provide for the administration of territories, not self-governing, in the interest of the whole world and specifically in the interest of their inhabitants—to prevent the old scramble for colonies.

Fourth, to provide for the management of international business that single nations cannot perform alone—to prevent world anarchy.

Those objects have been clearly enunciated by America's Chief Magistrate and chief representative at the Peace Conference. In his address on the League of Nations at the Second Plenary Session of the Peace Conference he was unequivocal on the first two points.

That one task of the League of Nations is to secure peace, to prevent war, President Wilson stated in the following words:

The burdens of this war have fallen in an unusual degree upon the whole population of countries involved. . . . We are bidden by these people to see to it that this strain does not come upon them again, and I venture to say that it has been possible for them to bear this strain because they hope that those who represent them could get together after this war and make such another sacrifice unnecessary.

That another task of the League of Nations is to provide for the freedom of small nations, to prevent the domination of small nations by big ones, President Wilson, in the same address, stated as follows:

We would not dare compromise upon any matter as champion of this thing—this peace of the world, this attitude of justice, this principle that we are the masters of no people but are here to see that every people in the world shall choose its own masters and govern its own destinies, not as we wish but as it wishes. We are here to see, in short, that the very foundations of this war are swept away. Those foundations were the private choice of small coteries of civil rulers and military staffs. Those foundations were the aggression of great Powers upon small. . . . And nothing

less than the emancipation of the world from these things will accomplish peace.

That the third task of the League of Nations is to provide for the administration of territories is evident by President Wilson's espousal of what the Council of Ten (or, as it is called, the Bureau of the Peace Conference) has officially announced to be "satisfactory provisional arrangements for dealing with the German colonies and the occupied territory in Turkey in Asia."

That the fourth task I have enumerated will be undertaken by the League of Nations has not even been the subject of debate, for it has been assumed that the League will deal with the management of certain international duties, and a committee is already at work considering one class of such duties—the arrangements of international waterways and railways.

Now none of these four tasks is without precedent.

Most familiar, of course, is that dealing with the international management of international organizations—such, for example, as the Postal Union. There are many such instances.

As to a precedent for the task of administering territories, a classic, if not very promising, example is the joint responsibility for the Congo incurred by the international Conference at Berlin in 1884.

For a precedent for the task of protecting the liberty of small nations we do not need to go back to the neutralization of Belgium. We can find it in the very admission of a considerable number of small nations to the present Peace Conference.

For the task of enforcing peace on a lawless nation we find precedent in the war which is not yet concluded.

What America, therefore, is asking Europe to do, or rather what Europe is agreeing to do under the leadership of America and with America's pledged co-operation, is to promise to do regularly and systematically what has been done occasionally and sporadically.

To this plan the President has committed the United States in the most solemn terms. He has told the world that for the adoption of this plan he has received a mandate from the American people. Speaking for the representatives of the United States at the Peace Conference, he declared: "If we return to the United States without having made every effort in our power to realize this programme, we should return to meet the merited scorn of our fellow-citizens."

Nothing could be more categorical than this. There is nothing to which the United States has been more firmly pledged than to the League of Nations and to its objects. And the fact that America, in the person of President Wilson, is pledged to this programme made certain the adoption of it by the Peace Conference. Not only that. It was because of President Wilson's advocacy of it that in the Conference's agenda, or order of business, it was placed first. This does not mean that other nations were opposed to it, but yielded. On the contrary, the

delegates whose names are most closely identified with specific plans are both of the British Empire—Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts; the generally recognized expert and spokesman on the subject is M. Léon Bourgeois, a Frenchman; while Italy shows her interest in the League by sending here an advocate of the League, Senator Scialoja. In some despatches sent to America it has been stated, I am told, that the acceptance of the League in principle as the first act of the Conference is a triumph for America. It is not a triumph over the other nations represented here, but a triumph secured by their support of America, by their faith in her, by their reliance upon her. This means, unquestionably, support of President Wilson, faith in President Wilson, reliance upon President Wilson.

Europe has accepted President Wilson's word; and that, to them, means America's word.

Now at once there have appeared obstacles. One of them, supposed to have been overcome, is "the freedom of the seas." In order to secure peace, who will guarantee the safety of travel on the highways of the ocean? Another obstacle is the difficulty of creating what are called "sanctions." How is the will of the League of Nations going to be enforced? It cannot be enforced by mere promises. Germany promised to respect the sanctity of Belgian territory, and reliance on that promise resulted in an everlasting scar upon Belgium and northern France. The German Socialists promised their "comrades" of France that they would not vote for the German war credits and would rebel against the Kaiser's war decree, and reliance on that promise cost hundreds of thousands of French and British—and American—lives. There must be something besides a so-called "moral sanction." What will that be? An international force? Will the time come when German soldiers will be stationed on English soil? Or will each nation maintain its own army but hold it subject to the call of the League? What will compel the United States to use her force at the dictate of the League against any other Power? Is the authority of the League to supersede the Monroe Doctrine? If a nation in the Western Hemisphere refuses to abide by its agreement with the League, is America to pledge herself to agree that a European force at the command of the League may occupy the offending nation's territory? Are the European Socialists, who have heretofore been enthusiastic for Mr. Wilson's moral leadership, going to support a League that has "sanctions," or are they going to say what some of them are beginning to say, that a League that will "enforce peace" will be simply another device of capitalism against the rise of the working-classes? So much for the obstacles presenting themselves to the plan to prevent war.

As to the protection of the small nations of the earth, how will they escape the domination of the big nations by either joining a League of Nations or

staying out of it? If they join it, will they be allowed to outvote the big nations? If not, how can they protect themselves? If they stay out, will they be any better protected because their big brothers are banded together?

As to the control of territories incapable of self-government, obstacles have risen that seem very formidable. I have not space in which to report the comments made on that subject. The discussion in the press has been very active. There have been two proposals. One may be called the plan of "annexations," the other the plan of "mandates." According to one plan, a competent Power would annex such territory and control it, as, for example, the United States controls the Philippines. The League of Nations might exercise the right of holding the owner of the territory to strict accountability for the administration of the property, but it would be the owner's real property. According to the other plan, the territory would be assigned to some Power to administer. The assignment, called the "mandate," would give authority to the Power but retain ultimate control in the League. The Bureau of the Peace Conference (*i.e.*, the ten men representing the five Great Powers—Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and the United States) have agreed to support the plan of "mandates." This, however, has not prevented discussion, or even bitter opposition. Mr. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister, has expressed himself emphatically in an interview with Stéphane Lauzanne in the "Matin." He objects to waiting for the establishment of a problematical League of Nations in order to determine whether Australia shall have New Guinea. The mandate to Australia to take possession of New Guinea and administer it ought, according to Mr. Hughes, to be given now by the nations that won the war. This question of New Guinea is a question of life or death to Australia, for it is a grave problem of Australia's frontier. Australia was far from the seat of war, but Australia went into the war at once. With a population of five millions, Mr. Hughes declared, Australia has lost more in the war than America with her hundred millions. When a division of Australians was asked to fill the breach and save Amiens, the soldiers, he pointed out, did not say, "Wait! Let an international tribunal first assemble, establish its authority and give us a mandate." Now that they are dead, Mr. Hughes added with biting irony, it appears that their procedure was wrong. The obstacles in the way of settling territorial questions by a League of Nations yet to be set up seem very real and very big.

As to international administration of business having international aspects, all one has to do is to say "Suez" or "Panama," and obstacles rise galore.

Putting the League of Nations first has thus not only not removed obstacles, but has brought the Peace Conference up against obstacles of the most formidable

character. And with the other nations in the Conference America is close up against these obstacles herself. What is she going to do about them? Is she going to be satisfied with raising the obstacles and then standing one side? Or is she going to take her share in overcoming them?

For instance, here is the question of Constantinople. America proposes that that be left to the yet to be formed League of Nations. Is America willing to help shoulder the burden that she wants to lay on the League of which she will be a part? Suppose the other nations of the League say to America, We will give you the mandate to govern and protect Constantinople and the contiguous territory and to be the protector of the Dardanelles. Are we of America willing to take the matter under consideration?

Already I see signs of a change of attitude toward America here in Europe. We ought to be willing to face the fact. The sublime confidence in America is beginning to be mingled with questions. Is America simply propounding theories and spinning dreams, or does America mean business? Are we over here just to tell other nations what to do, or are we willing to take our chances with the others in working out what we propose? Are we going to lay down the law for Australia, but refuse to conform to that law ourselves? We say to Australia, "Wait." Is that all there is to be to the League of Nations? Or is there to be a time when we are willing to respond when others say, "Wait no longer; act"?

Now such questions as these are becoming more and more pressing with the passage of time. And it is not a question of New Guinea, or Constantinople, or international waterways, that is pressing. It is the question of Russia and Germany.

We propose a League whose chief business will be to enforce peace. But while we talk about enforcing peace there is no peace. Germany is still the enemy of the free nations of the world; and Germany is busy. While we talk Germany acts. And Russia is the scene of the action. Bolshevism, which started as a little trickle in the dike, has become a rushing stream of anarchy and bloodshed. Our friends in Russia who stood for nearly three years against the German menace are now overwhelmed with the forces which Germany let loose in Russia under the Bolshevik leaders. Poland, standing between Germany on one side and the Bolsheviks backed by Germany on the other side, has been calling for help.

And what is America doing? She is officially talking about enforcing peace, and doing nothing.

There are admirable reasons why we should do nothing. The United States is a land of continental dimensions and of a great complexity of population. We have serious problems of our own. We have an army over here that has done its job, and the people in America want the boys

home. Of course the whole job is not yet finished. Germany is not yet beaten, but just placed in a position where she can be beaten, and she must be kept there by an army of occupation until her ultimate defeat is assured. Our people at home are going to be reasonable about that. As for the rest, of course Americans want their men who are here waiting for transports to come back as soon as possible. Then, too, we in America are not eager to be involved in all sorts of world questions. There are very good reasons indeed why we should not do anything about Russia.

And yet we have committed ourselves to a plan of action in cases of which the Bolsheviks abetted by Germany form a precisely exact instance. We talk about a future League of Nations when we have here in Paris an assemblage of the representatives of the greatest League of Nations in history. We talk about what we are going to do in the future when the peace of the world is menaced, while in the very central position in the world—the region connecting Europe with Asia—there is the most tumultuous, bloody, merciless kind of war.

And we ourselves are not only not doing anything about it, except to talk, or to send people who can do nothing but talk or write; we are actually helping to paralyze the energies of those who could act. We are bending our efforts to postpone action.

We urge a plan for distributing among the nations the responsibilities and burdens of governing dependent territories; but we resist any pressure brought upon us to take up any such burdens and responsibilities ourselves.

We advocate with solemn earnestness the proposal that the free nations of the earth jointly guarantee and enforce peace; but while Bolshevism makes a mockery of peace and spreads anarchy by massacre we remain inert.

This is the time above all other times for America to show her faith by her works. Of what avail is it if we formulate a plan for the future society of nations if we forget the Society of the Allies? Of what avail is it if we plan for future international law if we fail to do anything to check Bolshevik anarchy? Of what avail is it to plan for a future world peace if we fail to take action that will vindicate those who fought against Germany in order to establish a present peace through victory?

What is needed is less discussion about a League of the future and more action by the League of the present. It is time for public opinion in America to insist that the day for mere profession of faith has passed, and that this is the day for performance.

America has won the confidence of the world. She cannot afford to lose it. There are thoughtful observers here who are watching the course of events with dismay. America's foremost duty now is to keep the world's faith in her unshaken.

Paris, France, February 4, 1919.

# WHY FRANCE EXPECTS REPARATION

## RHEIMS BEFORE AND AFTER THE INVASION—A TYPE OF GERMAN DEVASTATION IN FRANCE

BY PAUL VAN DYKE

OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION, PARIS

THERE is no phrase which expresses so well the impression made by a visit to Rheims as the phrase "the Abomination of Desolation." This once beautiful and flourishing city of 120,000 inhabitants is literally a deserted ruin. Of its 13,000 houses 11,000 are entirely destroyed; 2,000 are called "reparable," but it is difficult to imagine how most of them can be repaired except by the process of being torn down and rebuilt with new materials.

The Cathedral, although it is a ruin, is still a magnificent ruin, and it is the worst possible object in Rheims to choose in order to show the destruction of the city. When seen from a distance, the mass of it is so impressive that one is not conscious of the ruin that has been wrought in the glorious structure, and a general photograph carries over this deceptive effect of the huge wreck.

On the other hand, in order to estimate the ruin in photographs of details, it would be necessary to look at scores or hundreds, which is tiresome and requires a reconstructive imagination. The shell of the building, though its delicate ornamental details are everywhere shattered, and although it is pierced and weakened by many blows, still stands intact. It would be possible to restore the Cathedral, but it is doubtful whether it is desirable to do so, for there would be so many new patches in the old garment that the rents might be made worse than they now are. The bulk of this destruction of the Cathedral was done by heavy shells, as the guardian told me, between the 16th and the 26th of April, 1917. This concentrated fire on this marvelous work of art was evidently intentional, because the guardian told me that during those days the shells fell so close to their mark that one hundred and fifty feet away from the Cathedral one was in comparative security.

The greater part of the destruction of Rheims has been done since April, 1918, and an inspection of the city makes evident that it was carefully planned to be complete. The whole city has been strewn with shells from one suburb to another, so that there are no sections of it spared. A large part of the destruction has been done, not by military bombs, which destroy lives and shatter buildings, rendering all but the strongest cellars unsafe refuges for fighting men, but by incendiary bombs, which destroy the houses by fire but leave the strong cellars unharmed.

When I swung around the corner of one street, I said: "Oh, here at last is a street which is not much harmed." Two of my companions who knew the city well said in chorus, "Oh, wait a moment," and as we went slowly down the street I could see that the houses on either hand

were mere shells. Behind the roofless façades there were nothing but heaps of chalk and charred stones and ironwork.

It is perfectly evident what the intention of the German was in this complete destruction which he began last April. He had a double intention. He had set himself the task, not only to crush France from a military point of view, but also to leave her at the conclusion of the war so crippled industrially that she would not for years to come be a dangerous competitor in the struggle for the markets of the world.

The proofs of the deliberate application of this plan are very numerous. For example, here is an extract from a letter received by one of my French friends from a leading manufacturer in Belgium who lived under German dominion during the war: "The industrial regions of our country and of the north of France found themselves under a régime of terror without example in the history of the world. In the factories everything which could be of any use was carried off. The rest was broken up by blows of the hammer. You must often have heard it said that the stories of atrocities and of pillaging were touched with exaggeration. No, nothing can picture that which these populations have had to endure."

From the very moment when, at the beginning of the war, the Germans, as I was told by the Belgian Minister in Rome, began carefully to seek out the beet-sugar factories in Belgium and to carry off or wreck their machinery, up to the time recently when they carried off from Lille the unique machinery of a factory for drying wood and carefully took with them also to Germany the books containing addresses of customers of the firm, their cold-blooded intention to crush France industrially as well as with their army is so plain that he who runs may read.

When, in the spring of 1918, the German began to feel that he could not win, but that if the Army of the United States did not get there in time he might force France to a compromise peace, this part of his original plan seemed to him of course more important than ever, for a compromise peace which should leave France temporarily ruined from an industrial point of view would not be a compromise at all but an ultimate victory for him.

His second object in the destruction which he has so systematically wrought everywhere he has gone, and of which Rheims is only the largest and therefore the most striking monument and example, was undoubtedly a part of his general scheme of terrorization. From start to finish, everywhere, on sea and on land,

the German has tried to frighten his opponent by a more carefully conceived plan than that of the savage who hideously paints his face to strike terror into the hearts of his enemies.

I had the pleasure last winter, in Paris, of sitting at dinner next to Amundsen, the brilliant Norwegian Arctic explorer. He told me of the cruelties the German submarines had inflicted on Norwegian vessels. How, when the poor devils of shipwrecked men took to their open boats, sometimes one hundred and fifty miles from land, on a stormy sea, the Germans would not leave to them unhindered even that poor chance of life, but shelled the lifeboats, killing and wounding the fugitives. I said to him: "Mr. Amundsen, why do they do such things as that?" He replied: "The reason is perfectly plain. They want to frighten our sailors off the sea. But, thank God, they have not done it, and they won't do it."

This same fundamental intention is of course as plain as day in the execution of Captain Fryatt, which, Ambassador Gerard points out, was rushed through the Admiralty for fear of interference from the civil authorities of the Empire. The manifest object of that cowardly murder was to frighten British merchant captains so that they would not dare try to defend themselves against the submarines; a result which would have enormously helped the German submarine plan.

On land this system of terrorization appears just as plainly in the long series of raids on civil populations, begun almost the first day of the war. Its most notable instance is perhaps the use of the super-cannon on Paris, a weapon which slaughtered children and their mothers in a maternity hospital and crushed beneath a falling roof about a hundred women saying their prayers in a church on Good Friday afternoon.

The message of the ruins of Rheims to the French people last spring was this:

"You had better make some sort of a peace, for if you don't, even though you can stand up against us until the tardy Americans get here, we will leave all your cities heaps of ruins like these."

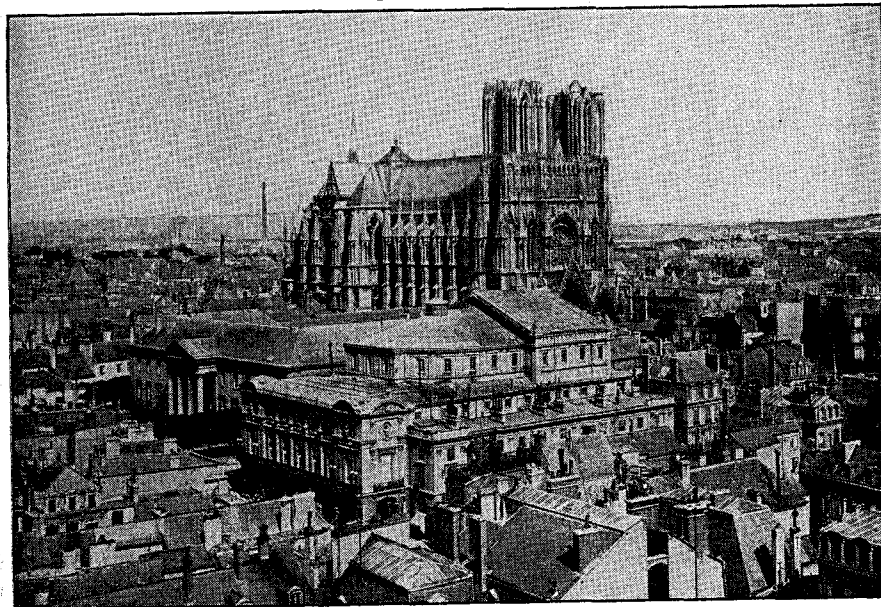
Photographs of ruined cities taken by themselves are monotonous and do not produce the impression of the scene, but it has seemed to me that an impression of the condition of Rheims, typical of so many cities and villages, large and small, on a long line from Rheims to the North Sea, might be conveyed by series of photographs showing certain examples of buildings in the city before and after its destruction. These are quite average examples. They were not selected because the destruction wrought in that particular spot was worse than the de-



(C) International Film Service

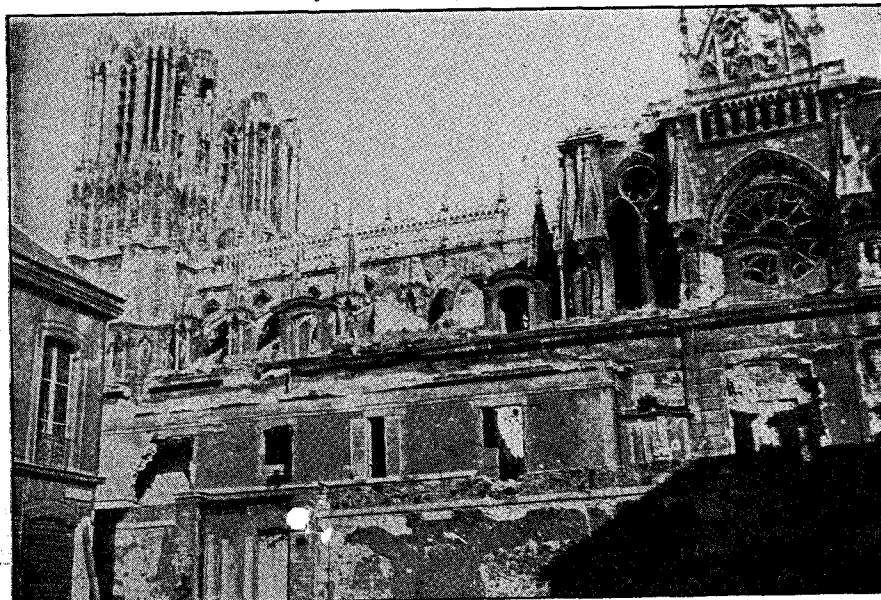
### PRESIDENT WILSON AT THE RUINS OF RHEIMS

The President is seen inspecting the ruins, under the guidance of Cardinal Luçon, at one of the battered portals of the Cathedral



### THE CATHEDRAL AT RHEIMS BEFORE THE WAR

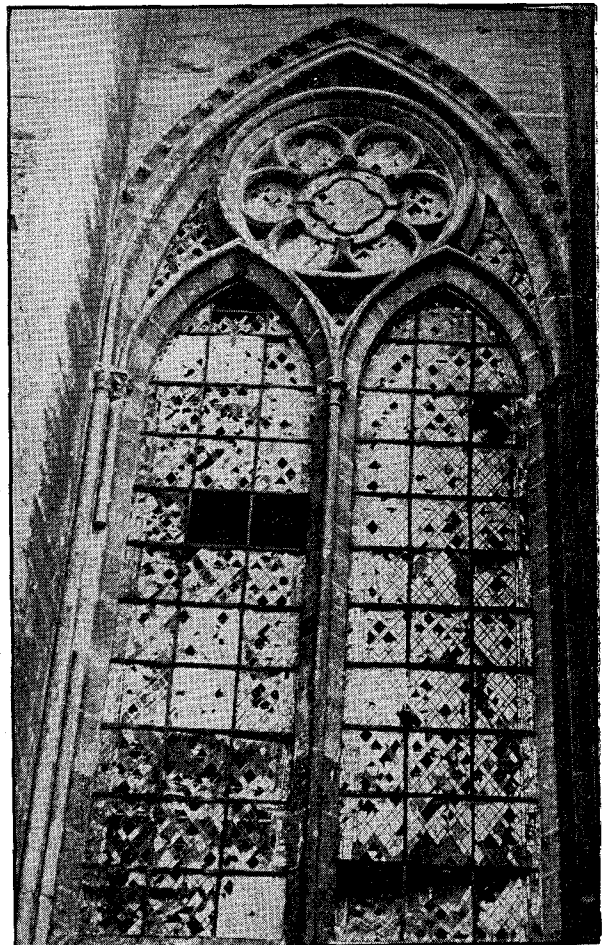
This church was one of the chief architectural glories of France before the German invasion. To-day it is almost irreparably shattered



(C) Press Illustrating Service

### THE CATHEDRAL AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT

This photograph gives only an inadequate idea of the destruction wrought by German shells



(C) Underwood & Underwood

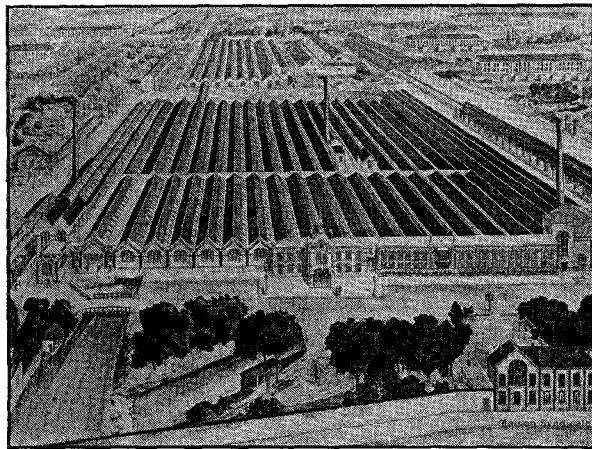
### A WINDOW IN RHEIMS CATHEDRAL SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF GERMAN FIRE



(C) Underwood & Underwood

### AN ALCOVE IN RHEIMS CATHEDRAL AFTER THE GERMAN BOMBARDMENT

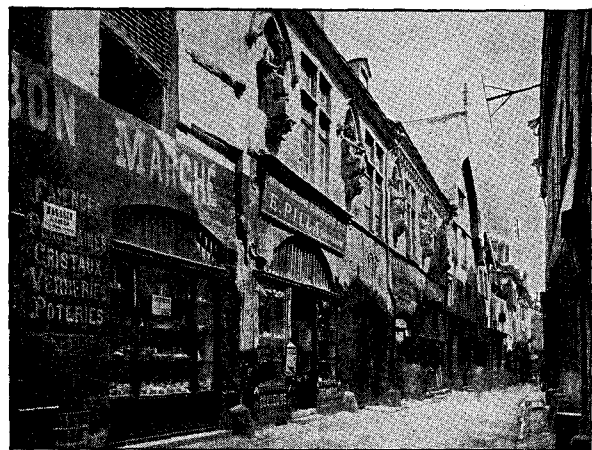
WHY FRANCE EXPECTS REPARATION—



A FACTORY IN THE SUBURBS OF RHEIMS  
BEFORE THE WAR



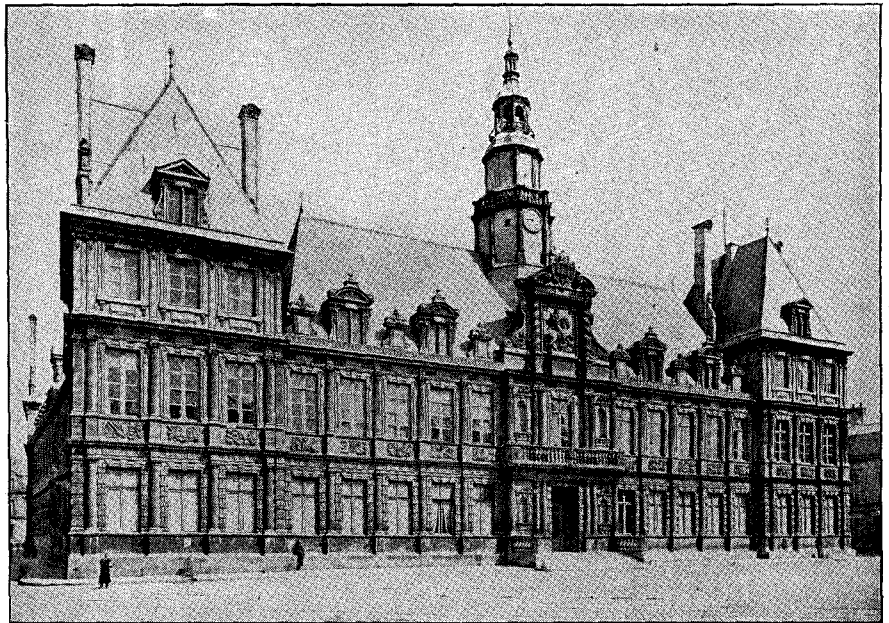
THE CHIEF OWNER OF THE ABOVE FACTORY  
STANDING IN THE MIDST OF WHAT IS LEFT OF IT



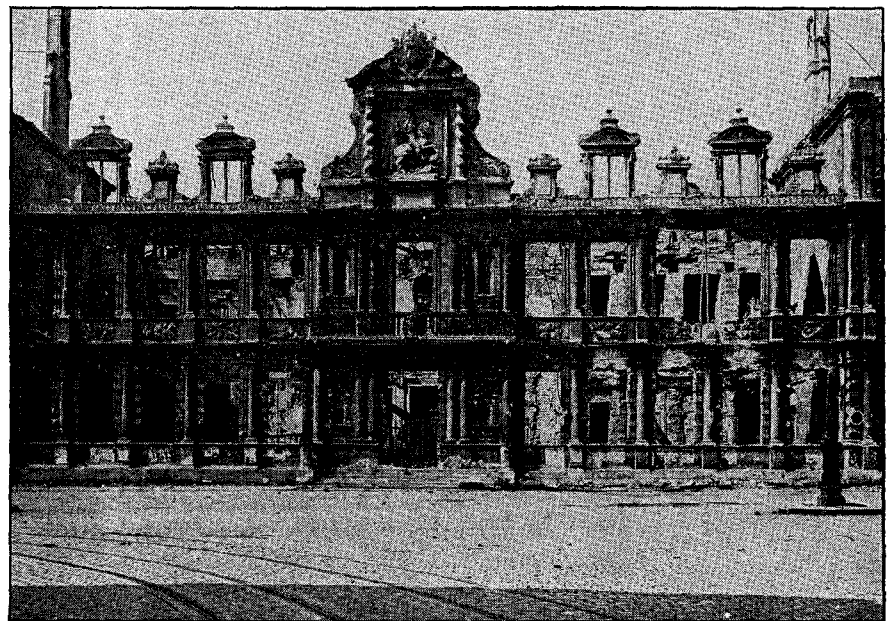
THE MAISON DES MUSICIENS AT RHEIMS  
BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT



THE MAISON DES MUSICIENS AT PRESENT



THE HÔTEL DE VILLE AT RHEIMS AS IT WAS BEFORE THE WAR



THE REMAINS OF THE HÔTEL DE VILLE AFTER THE HUNS' INVASION



(C) Underwood & Underwood

SHATTERED BUILDINGS NEAR THE CATHEDRAL AT THE END OF THE WAR

PICTURES THAT SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

struction wrought elsewhere, but only because it was possible to find in these instances photographs taken before the war.

Rheims had two chief industries—the working of wool into cloth and the manufacture of champagne. The two chief elements of the manufacture of champagne are the vineyard and the cellars. Rheims owes both of these natural advantages to the character of her soil. The cellars are huge galleries—one firm possesses over thirty miles of them—cut easily in the soft calcareous rock at some distance below the surface. These cellars are dry and maintain during the entire year an even temperature. They have not, of course, been injured by the bombardment, nor have their contents suffered very notably. When the Germans advanced before their great defeat at the first battle of the Marne, in 1914, their main body did not pass through Rheims, which was occupied only by a few thousand troops. With the best will in the world, they were not able to make much impression on the forty million bottles of champagne in the cellars of Rheims, and on their retreat they did not have time to carry any away from them. Since that time the city has been occupied by French troops, and the population has been steadily diminishing up to last spring, when the complete evacuation of the civil population was ordered by the Government. In some way not too exactly accounted for a considerable number of the forty million bottles of champagne have mysteriously disappeared since the Germans left the town, but I am assured by my friends from Rheims, who have means of knowing, that something over thirty-nine million bottles still remain.

The second element in the manufacture of champagne, the vineyard, seems to me

to remain also, on the whole, fundamentally intact. During these long years of war of course the vineyards have been neglected, and in many cases it will require a large expense to recultivate them and in many instances to replace the vines; but, after all, the marvelous qualities of the soil have not been destroyed for the most part in the territory where the grapes are raised for making champagne. But certain parts of the country around Rheims, like considerable stretches of territory stretching all the way from Rheims to the sea, are rendered almost permanently unusable for tillage.

The explosions of the great shells have simply replaced the top soil by the infertile subsoil. No picture can give an impression of the desolation of these strips where the fury of battle was concentrated for days or weeks or months. Nothing but the slow process of reforestation lasting through generations can restore fertility to fields so entirely devastated. But, after all, it is only on the comparatively narrow strips between and behind the lines immobilized during the long epoch of trench warfare that the farm has been destroyed with the farmhouse. In the whole of the great pocket which the Germans drove down from the Vesle to the bank of the Marne between Château Thierry and Dormans, only to retreat, fighting hard but steadily falling back before our bayonets—for we had no grenades and no airplanes, and not half enough rapid-fire guns—around the ruined and deserted villages, the heavy crops of wheat were standing, golden in the sunlight, as I followed last August close on the heels of our advancing troops.

As for the second source of Rheims's prosperity, the woolen industry, the factories look like the accompanying picture,

but there is no reason why they should not be rebuilt and enjoy the same advantages of trade they enjoyed before the war, unless it be—and the possibility is a very grave one—that the Allies should be unjust and stupid enough to make such peace as to enable Germany, in spite of her defeat in arms, to win her second object, the commercial subjugation of France. The factories in Germany stand ready to begin work at once. The sources of her coal supply are not blocked, but she has wrecked for a long time the chief coal supplies of the French factories. Her lines of communication from mine to furnace are intact, but she has cut all the arteries of trade and industry in northern France. The bulk of her commercial fleet remains still in her harbors, and while she has been sinking the vessels of belligerents and neutrals alike she has been constructing in her shipyards thousands of tons of new shipping, ready the instant peace is signed to bear her goods to all parts of the world.

We must not be tricked by any sentimentality, unsuspicious of future danger because oblivious of past facts, into allowing Germany to wrest out of the defeat of her first intent the triumph of the second object of the pride with which her whole people have been intoxicated. The test of the repentance of the German people and of the sincerity of their renunciation of the malignant plans of their governmental, military, commercial, and university leaders is their willingness to make reparation. If they are not willing to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, they must be made to do so. If they are made to do so, the world will have everlasting peace. If they are not made to do so, they have not entirely lost this war, and they may win the next one.

## THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THÉOPHILE

### II—THE FILET FOCH

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

THÉOPHILE stood in the center of the Allied Soldier's spotless kitchen, one hand holding the spoon with which he had been sampling the contents of various simmering pots and kettles, the other raised in a gesture of horrified protest. Cowering in the presence of his wrath stood Gaston, the waiter, an addition to the staff of the inn since fortune had commenced to smile upon it. Gaston held a steaming dish which seemed to be the cause of Théophile's emotion.

"But it is incredible, this thing that you tell me!" he cried. "This is no ordinary viand; it is the Filet Foch! You hear me?—the Filet Foch, which I conceived and served to one of the Marshal's staff officers in commemoration of the Second Battle of the Marne. And you tell me that one of my guests has dared to send it back to the kitchen?"

"It is as I have said, M. Gelas," replied Gaston, uneasily.

"What," demanded Théophile, "were the objections of Monsieur?"

Gaston scuffed his toe uncomfortably along a crack in the floor, knowing all too well the effects his revelation must produce.

"He declared it too highly seasoned."

"His words!" insisted Théophile, apparently about to explode.

"He asked me," Gaston answered unwillingly, "if all the spice-pots in the house had fallen into this sauce?"

At the cry with which the innkeeper received this thrust the several guests in the *salle à manger* looked up from their plates and glanced at each other apprehensively, while Madame Gelas descended hastily from her stool behind the counter in the bar-parlor and made her way toward the kitchen.

"Without a doubt," she murmured "that wretched Gaston has dropped something and Théophile has slain him with a cleaver!"

She reached the kitchen to find her husband, purple and speechless with wrath, hastily divesting himself of the white cap and apron without which he would not cook the simplest dish.

"What has happened?" she cried, infinitely relieved to find Gaston alive and seemingly uninjured.

In sentences like jets of flame her husband explained what had happened, and announced his intention of making immediate reprisals.

"Me they may insult with impunity, my art never!" he declared, with a superb gesture toward the rejected filet.

"But," objected Céleste, with point, "is it your intention to destroy all your

guests? You do not know who refused the dish."

Théophile paused like a hawk which, about to strike, momentarily loses sight of the quarry.

"True," he admitted; then, turning fiercely to Gaston, "His name."

"I do not know his name," replied the terrified servant. "It was the bald-headed man with the red face."

"Ah!" cried the little man. "He appears one likely to utter such insults. *Mille tonnerres*, we shall see!"

But even as he started for the door Céleste laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Only reflect," she begged, "that if our *salle à manger* witnesses a scene of violence our guests will leave, our house will get a bad name, and we shall be ruined just as we are beginning to prosper."

Théophile paused, but shook his head obdurately.

"It is deplorable," he confessed, "but I have my honor to consider. Do you not see that I have been deeply insulted?"

"That may be," replied Céleste. "But it is also true that you are now an innkeeper, and not merely a cook. You cannot raise your hand against one of your guests."

All Théophile's fire vanished, and his bristling figure turned limp as a pricked balloon.

"You are right," he groaned. "What a future for my spirit!"

Madame had not been the wife of the fiery little warrior for some months without becoming familiar with his vulnerable points.

"Is the mastiff annoyed by the barking of a poodle?" she demanded, her tone suggestive of her husband's loftiest style.

The effect of the question was immediate. Théophile recovered his dignity—a dignity now above anger.

"Gaston," he observed, "I hope you appreciate the privilege of daily contact with a woman of Madame Gelas's profound intelligence."

He seized the spurned dish, busied himself with it for a few moments, then handed it back to the waiter.

"Voilà!" he exclaimed. "Take this back to the bald-headed one. As an artistic creation it is ruined, but it should at once fail to offend his peculiar taste and be a rebuke to his gastronomic ignorance."

As soon as Gaston had left the kitchen Théophile turned to his wife.

"Now that I have an excuse for speaking," he said, "permit me to say that I like neither the bald-headed monsieur nor any of his companions."

Céleste was sympathetic, but cautious.

"One does not fancy them, it is true," she replied; "but we cannot expect always to have guests to our liking. I assure you, this roof has sheltered many worse."

"They perplex me," continued Théophile, "because I cannot understand them. Four days ago they appeared suddenly from nowhere. They have excellent clothes, plenty of money, and the table

manners of animals or Germans. They read, they talk much, but only with each other; they walk about the neighborhood, coming in frequently with mud upon their boots. Apparently they have no business—which makes me like them the less."

"But curiosity is no part of an innkeeper's profession," remarked Céleste.

"Again you are right, most admirable of women," he retorted. "But because I have become an innkeeper must I cease to be anything else?"

"Well, no."

"Very good. Then I continue to be a citizen, perhaps even a patriot. As you say, I cannot meddle with the affairs of my guests. Yet am I not responsible to the community? Suppose these four messieurs should issue from my inn one night and rob every house in the village?"

"Absurd!" protested Madame. "One sees they are not robbers."

"Since you know what they are not, perhaps you can tell me what they are."

"How should I know? Anything."

"Exactly. Now 'anything' is a dangerous word. I consider it my duty as a citizen to make inquiries."

"You will only make trouble," Céleste warned him.

"I shall proceed with the utmost caution," promised Théophile, "and first I shall consult M. Payne."

Payne was the young American artist whose coming to the inn had marked the beginning of its prosperity. During his stay—already of some weeks' length—he had become almost a member of the family. The innkeeper and his wife were invited to criticise every canvas, while they consulted Payne on all matters touching the policy of the Allied Soldier. So Théophile knew that his promise would go far toward removing Céleste's uneasiness.

"It is my experience, Théophile, that one gets along best by minding his own business. More altruists are kicked to death as meddlesome nuisances than glorified as benefactors."

Payne flung out this bit of advice without looking up from his work, while the innkeeper squatted cross-legged on the turf beside him.

"But why all this uneasiness?" the painter asked.

"Because these four men—MM. Scauld, Lossel, Miske, and Torzel—disturb my serenity. They may be something dangerous. Already I have heard them speaking a strange tongue, and nobody knows their business."

Payne shook his head, warningly.

"My very good friend, I advise you to mend your ways if you value your reason," he said. "If you live to be ninety—as your sort of man has a trick of doing—you will entertain thousands of guests. If you are going to start losing sleep over every lodger whom you don't happen to like, you'll be a madman in six months and Céleste a widow in ten."

"But these are not ordinary lodgers."

"You are intelligent enough to know

that no man is ordinary if one takes the trouble to give him a second glance."

"You have not observed these four?"

"Why, yes," admitted Payne, carelessly. "I set them down as four rather odious bipeds who would be vastly better off for less wine inside and more water out. There my interest ceases."

"It is there that mine begins," Théophile told him.

"Then take my advice and stifle it. And in the meantime go and gather flowers or climb trees or cook me an omelet, or anything but talk. Your conversation inspires retort, and I cannot talk and paint simultaneously."

The innkeeper's actions for the next couple of days might have served as a model for M. Lecoq or others of his stripe. While he appeared to be as usual, his eye and ear missed no word or gesture of any of the quartet under suspicion. Did they converse, Théophile found occupation in their neighborhood; did they read, he sought to discover what manner of literature interested them; and he observed their goings and comings from the inn from behind the curtains of second-story windows.

Yet he had to confess that, aside from the matter of M. Scauld and the Filet Foch (an affront which he had decided to swallow for reasons of policy), he had no real grounds for suspicion.

"One cannot hang a man for his execrable taste," he admitted to himself, "nor even pitch him into the street, so long as he pays his keep; and yet I consider a human being unable to appreciate the Filet capable of any enormity."

He was returning from the village late one afternoon a couple of days after his most unsatisfactory conversation with Payne when there suddenly appeared on the road before him the figures of Scauld and Lossel, which a moment before had not been there. They could have come only from the sharp-sided bed of a small stream which crossed the road at this point beneath a stone bridge.

At the tap-tap of the innkeeper's cane the two men turned, and it appeared to him that they did so more sharply than would have been the case with men whose minds were wholly at ease. Yet, instead of hurrying off, they stopped and waited for him.

"Ah, M. Gelas," Scauld said, smiling, "you have discovered our secret."

"Your secret, Monsieur?"

"Precisely. You know, of course, what a botanist is?"

"Certainly," replied Théophile, who had not the remotest idea, but whose rule was to avoid confession of ignorance when there seemed a chance to maintain the pretense of knowledge.

"Then it is scarcely necessary to say more," said Scauld, and Théophile was repenting his rash claim when the bald-headed man continued: "It has long been suspected by the concern which employs us that this district is rich in a certain product which is in great demand. We have been sent to investigate. As will be clear to a man of your intelligence, we

have had to move secretly lest a rival concern learn of our operations. We may count upon your discretion?"

"Absolutely," promised Théophile, and they talked of other matters during the remainder of their walk to the inn, Scauld asking the innkeeper's opinion of the course of events in Russia, and being answered with much pithiness and some heat.

That evening Théophile lost no time in questioning Payne.

"What is a botanist?" he asked. "Anything like a Bolshevik?"

"Well, yes," admitted Payne, laughing, "in that he is one of the greatest human nuisances—a man who goes about the world sticking horrible and unpronounceable Latin names on trees and flowers, and trying to spoil the world for simple folk like you and me."

With this explanation, of which he made exceeding little, Théophile had to be content, since he dared not push his questions further. His resulting conception of a botanist was neither accurate nor helpful, and served only to increase his disquiet. He could not see that putting Latin names on trees constituted a crime against society, but it struck him as equally unlikely that four men should be given serious employment at such a business.

"In short," he decided, in a sudden flash of inspiration, "this excellent M. Scauld takes me for a fool! *'cre nom d'un pipe*, he shall discover his error!"

Apparent failure served only to spur him to greater efforts and redoubled espionage. When, after dinner that same evening, Miske and Lossel left the inn, Théophile at once cut short his labors in the kitchen, put on his hat and coat, and prepared to follow them.

"Dominoes again?" asked Payne.

"That or some other game of chance," replied Théophile, in a tone which made the artist glance at him curiously.

Thanks to a half-hidden moon, he could see the two men distinctly, although they were some distance ahead of him. To play his part thoroughly (Théophile was nothing if not consistent) he would have preferred to follow a parallel course across the fields, keeping himself hidden, but such tactics at night were impossible for a man with a bad leg. As he crossed the stone bridge he stared down thoughtfully at the dark water.

"Botany!" he ejaculated, scornfully.

Lossel and Miske were by this time out of sight, and their pursuer shortened his stride that he might consider his course of action.

"This makes four evenings on which they have visited the village," he reflected. "On two of those evenings I too have been in the village and have not seen them. *Peste!* it is all very strange! Yet at this hour few people will be astir save the usual gathering at the cobbler's. I will go there."

The shop of Belleu, the cobbler, was near the end of the single street which formed the hamlet of Vahors. It was here that the little circle gathered almost nightly for dominoes and talk. As usual

the shop was lighted, but Théophile's mood caused him to approach cautiously and pause outside the door instead of marching straight in.

"Since I am acting as listening patrol, I shall listen," he decided.

He went around to the side of the shop and squatted beneath a window, knowing that neither Belleu's shutters nor casements were sound-proof. One by one he identified the invisible occupants of the shop by their voices: Belleu himself, Pelletrau (the notary), M. le Maire, one or two others, and presently the less familiar tones of Miske.

"But, Monsieur," the latter was saying, evidently in answer to some remark which Théophile had not heard, "do you make the mistake of believing the war ended?"

"But surely!" answered the cobbler in astonishment.

"On the contrary, it has scarcely commenced," Miske assured him. "All these battles, sieges, slaughters, the downfalls of ancient tyrannies—they are but preliminaries, the setting loose of the true forces of liberty. Here in France we have been blind, lamentably slow. But our brothers in Russia—even in despised Germany—have been before us. Already they have laid hand to the sacred torch, they have—"

But Théophile did not wait to hear more. He scrambled quickly to his feet, and, as he moved out into the street, he uttered for the second time the word which was to be most frequently on his lips that night.

"Botany!" he grunted, eloquently.

Instead of going straight back to the inn he left the road by a footpath across the fields, which brought him presently to the bank of the little stream. Here he took from his pocket an electric torch, and commenced to move slowly downstream toward the bridge, carefully examining both banks of the brook. Once he stopped with a sharp exclamation when he came upon a muddle of footprints; but closer examination proved them to be those of children.

Close to the bridge, however, he found what he sought. Here the mud of the bank had been trampled into a mire. In his excitement he forgot that he was not as sure-footed as formerly. Incautiously, he set his foot upon a stone which rolled—and instantly disaster was upon him. He first plunged, then wallowed, into a patch of mire, from which he rolled into some eighteen inches of extremely cold water, losing his torch in his flounderings.

"Ten million fiends!" he exclaimed with feeling, as he stood upright. "Now I shall take cold, my wound will be very painful, and, what is worse, I shall have to finish this business in darkness, which is most unpleasant."

Soaked to the skin, plastered from head to foot with clinging black mud, and shivering with cold, he advanced to the bridge, waded to midstream, and, indifferent to the icy water which gurgled about his legs, continued his investigations.

Working with the utmost caution, he passed his groping fingers inch by inch

over the masonry of the bridge. For some time his search was fruitless, then suddenly his figure stiffened and he felt the hairs on the back of his neck stir suggestively. His fingers had closed on a strand of insulated wire.

For the next twenty minutes he was busy with his knife. Chilled to the bone, his fingers numb, and his knife ill suited to the task, he made slow progress, laboring as he did with much the feelings of one who gingerly lights matches in a powder magazine; but at length he held in his hands the two ends of the severed wire. Without loss of time he scrambled ashore and set out for the inn.

"Botany!" he exclaimed for the third time.

Céleste's face when Théophile opened the door a few minutes later was that of a woman who sees her worst fears realized.

"*Ciel!*" she cried. "What has happened?"

"I had the misfortune," replied her husband, "to fall into the stream."

Céleste's face hardened.

"I know of only one thing," she said, icily, "which causes men to fall from smooth roads into brooks!"

Théophile drew himself erect, happily unconscious that the mud which clotted his beard, streaked his face, and covered his clothes did not lend itself to dignity.

"Madame," he answered, stiffly, "your suspicions wound me to the heart. At the moment I can explain nothing. Tomorrow all will be made clear. In the meantime I must ask you to say nothing of my having been near the brook."

Torn between her suspicions and the impressive effects of her husband's manner, Madame Gelas was still hesitating when the door opened and Payne appeared.

"Great Neptune, Théophile!" he exclaimed; "have you been fishing on your hands and knees?"

The little man glared at his questioner for an instant in silence.

"*Botany!*" he thundered, and tramped upstairs to his room, leaving a trail of muddy water behind him.

Céleste glanced apprehensively at the painter.

"Is he drunk, do you think, or merely out of his senses?" she asked.

"Your husband, Céleste," replied Payne, "is an extraordinary creature, but I do not think that he is either drunk or crazy. There is more in this than appears on the surface. My advice is that you go to bed and ask no questions whatsoever."

The next morning, save for an observable tendency to substitute the letters "b" and "d" for the letters "m" and "n," Théophile seemed none the worse for his mishap, and his spirits had risen wonderfully. During the preparations for luncheon he sent Gaston to the village with a note, then astonished Céleste by announcing:

"To-day I shall serve again my famous Filet Foch."

"But you know that it is not to the taste of M. Scauld."

"That is true," answered Théophile,

# CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



Central News Photo Service

## GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, THE FRENCH PREMIER, WHO WAS SHOT BY A WOULD-BE ASSASSIN

The advanced years of this famous Frenchman (he is in his seventy-eighth year) should have saved him, for very shame's sake, from an attack by a young man. His assailant, an Anarchist named Cottin, aged twenty-three years, seems to have deliberately attempted murder as an expression of hatred of the present social order



(C) Paul Thompson

#### THE OUSTING OF KAISERISM—SOME AMERICANS WHO HELPED IT ALONG

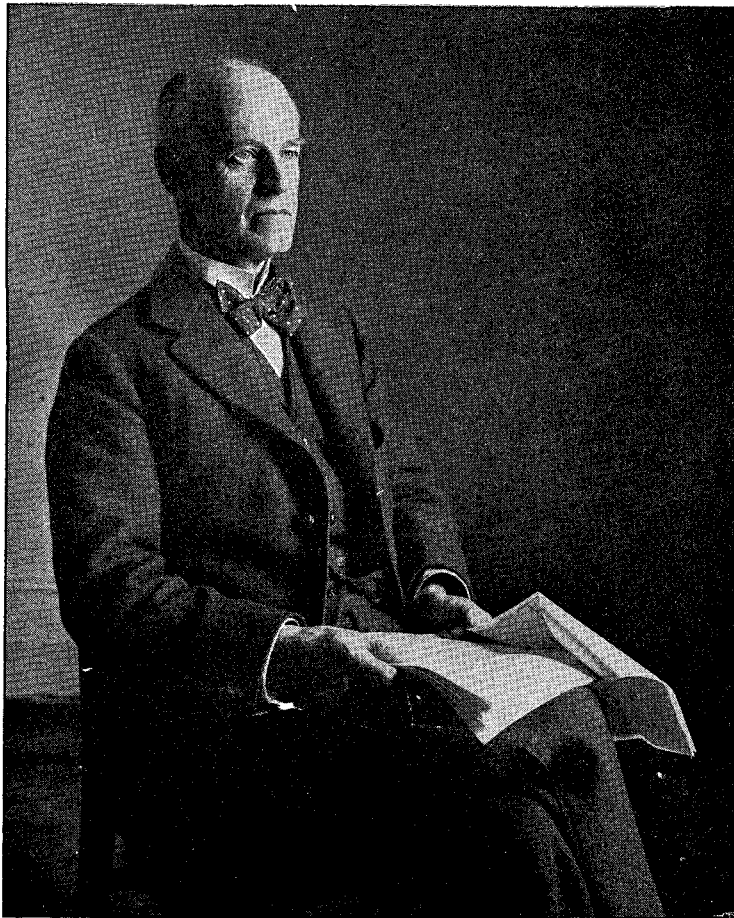
The picture on this page shows color-bearers of the famous Three Hundred and Sixty-ninth Regiment of Negroes, photographed during their enthusiastic welcome to New York City on their recent return from the front



Central News Photo Service

# THE OUSTING OF KAISERISM—THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE EX-KAISER'S PALACE IN BERLIN

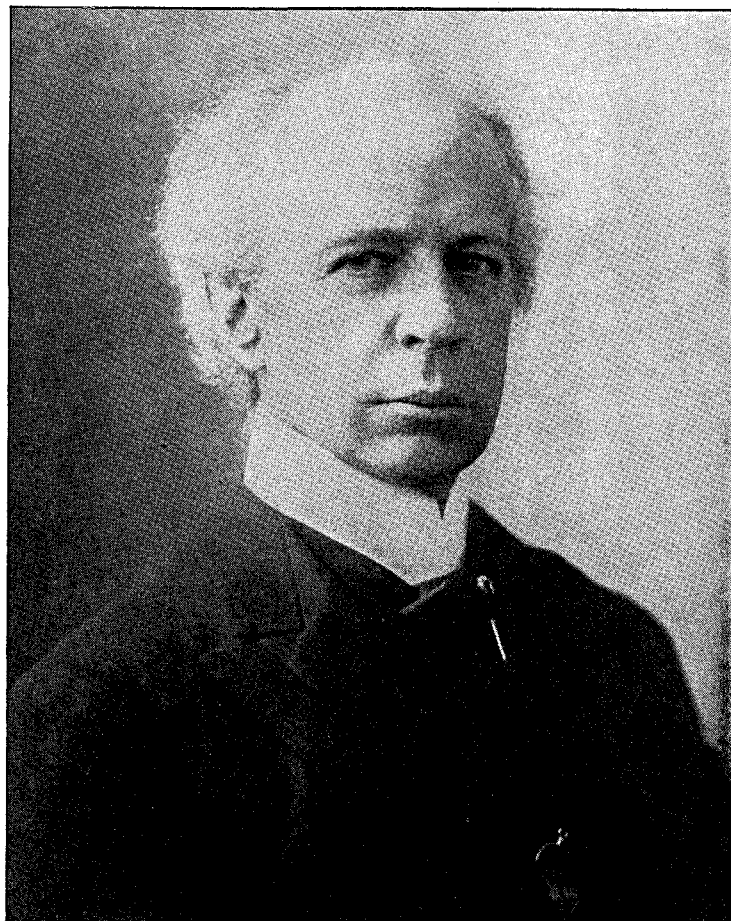
This picture shows that the sacrosanct habitation of the once-revered Kaiser has been a battle-ground between German Socialists and revolutionists. Some of the victors may be seen in the balcony



(C) Paul Thompson

**JOHN GALSWORTHY, ENGLISH NOVELIST AND PLAYWRIGHT**

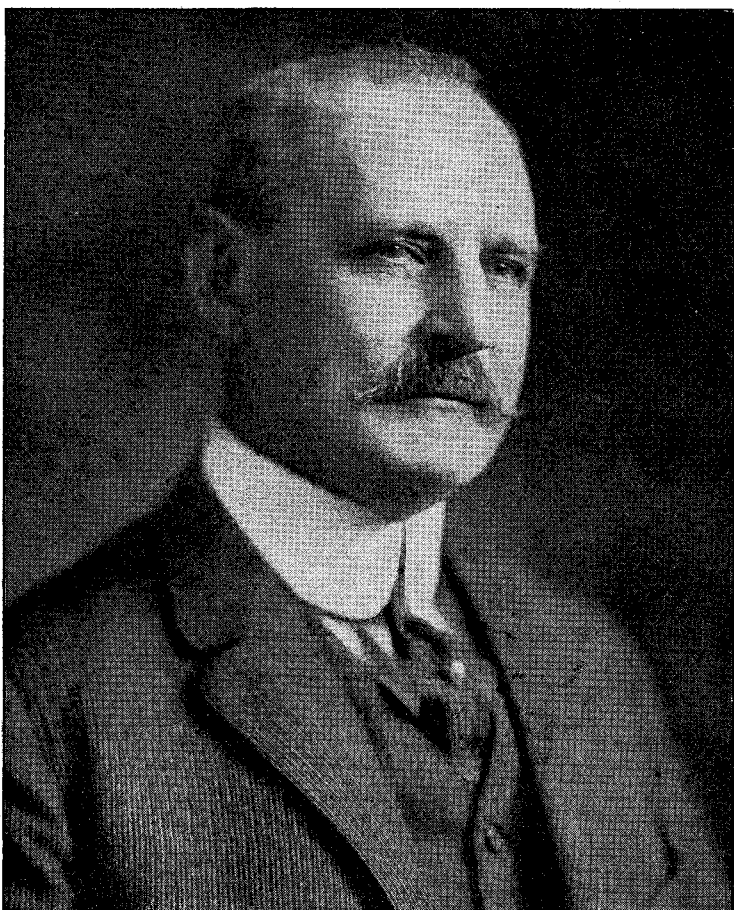
Mr. Galsworthy came to America as a representative of English men of letters to take part in the Lowell centenary celebration



Press Illustrating Service

**THE LATE SIR WILFRID LAURIER, FORMER PREMIER OF CANADA**

Sir Wilfrid Laurier died in Ottawa on February 17. He was for many years leader of the Liberal party. See The Outlook of February 26 for a sketch of his life



(C) Harris & Ewing

**HUGH C. WALLACE, APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE**

Mr. Wallace was born in Lexington, Missouri, in 1863. His home is in Tacoma, Washington. He has been a prominent member of the Democratic National Committee and is known as a personal friend of President Wilson's



(C) Harris & Ewing

**MRS. HUGH C. WALLACE**

Mrs. Wallace is a daughter of the late Chief Justice Fuller, of the Supreme Court. She is a welcome "ward visitor" to the Reed Hospital for wounded soldiers in Washington, and is shown as such in the photograph

imperturbably, and went on with his preparations.

"He will complain, you will be angry, and that, coupled with your wetting, will make you ill."

"I shall not be ill," maintained the innkeeper, "and I shall serve the Filet, even as I have said."

Shortly afterward Gaston appeared and handed Théophile a note, which the latter read with every indication of lively satisfaction.

"When they are ready," he told the waiter, "I shall serve the filets myself."

He had just divested himself of cap and apron preparatory to serving, when Gaston rushed in.

"M. Théophile," he gasped, "there are two gendarmes in front of the inn and two more behind!"

"Good!" exclaimed Théophile; he picked up the smoking dishes and strode into the *salle à manger*.

The vagaries of M. Scauld's taste

appeared to be consistent. No sooner had the dish been set before him than he sat back in his chair with a grimace.

"Monsieur does not care for the Filet?" Théophile inquired in a tone which caused Payne to look up quickly.

"You know that I detest it!" sputtered Scauld. "Take it away!"

"Perhaps it is Monsieur's botanizing which so strangely affects his appetite," suggested Théophile, and, paying no attention to the other's startled glance, he continued: "I would recommend it highly to the attention of M. Scauld, as it is a sustaining viand, excellent food for those who have to drill holes in masonry, blow up bridges, and exhaust themselves in spreading accursed doctrines of revolution."

There was a swift scraping of chairs as the four men sprang to their feet, but even as they rose two gendarmes carrying carbines appeared in the kitchen door, and two others, similarly armed, in the door of the bar-parlor. Théophile,

whose sense of the dramatic was satisfied, executed a gesture that was perfect.

"Perhaps Monsieur will find both the food and the botany in Russia more to his liking," he said.

"But, deuce take it all, man," protested Payne some time later, "the chances were a million to one you were wrong! And you mean to tell me that Scauld's abuse of your confounded filet was all you had to go on?"

"Above all other things," replied Théophile, "I am a cook. As such I have discovered that human baseness reveals itself through the stomach in spite of all attempts at concealment. I was therefore certain that M. Scauld was capable of any crime."

Payne rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Well," he said, finally, "the next time you ask me for the definition of a word I shall answer you with more accuracy and less attempt at wit."

## MR. ROOSEVELT AND INDIAN MUSIC

### A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

BY NATALIE CURTIS

"HOW many Congressmen do you think there are who would know what you meant if you spoke to them about 'Indian Art'?" said Theodore Roosevelt, with a twinkle behind his glasses. "They would say, 'Another of Roosevelt's vagaries!'"

It was in his study at Sagamore Hill that I first talked with the Colonel, then President of the United States, about the benighted policies of the Indian Bureau at Washington, which, in the avowed interests of Indian education, was carrying on a ruthless campaign of destruction of all things pertaining to the indigenous culture of the red race.

I was but little more than a girl when my studies of music had led me to the recording of native songs on the Indian reservations—a field of research at that time almost unexplored save for the invaluable pioneering of Miss Alice Fletcher and her Indian collaborator, Francis La Flesche. The Bureau of Indian Affairs, with its some six thousand employees, was engaged in a work of well-meaning iconoclasm parallel to that of the conquering Spaniards of the sixteenth century, who in their zeal for Christianizing had made bonfires of the sacred glyphic books of the Mayas and Incas, whose civilization was in some respects higher than their own. I had myself been told while on the Hopi Reservation that, if I would note down Indian songs, I must do such work in secret or the Government authorities would evict me from the reservation. The Indians in the Government's schools established on the reserves were forbidden to sing native songs or to speak a word of their own language; this form of race suicide expected of the red man was thought to be a short cut toward "civilization." As an Indian once put it, "The

white man thinks that no people in the world can be any good unless they talk his language, swear like him, pray like him, and wear his ugly and uncomfortable clothes."

It was characteristic of Roosevelt that when a radically opposite view-point was presented to him he listened, keenly alive to new possibilities. He was struck at once with the force of the argument that in any effort to educate a primitive race the would-be educators should first study the native life in order to preserve and build upon what is worthy in the native culture. Primitive races have their message for civilized man; they can teach us as well as we them; and in absorbing them into our civilization, if we see to it that native talents be not destroyed, the Indians can enrich the civilization of the world at large by contributing their own racial gifts to the sum total of human culture. We shall be the gainers and the red man not have lost.

To-day, when for popular reading we have anthologies of Indian verse, when so-called Indian songs figure on concert programmes and an "Indian" opera is performed at the Metropolitan Opera House, it is difficult to realize the stiff, uphill fight that was waged during Roosevelt's Administration to convert the Indian Office to some tolerance, at least, of Indian art. One of Roosevelt's first acts as President was to appoint as Indian Commissioner a man who was in no sense a politician. Francis E. Leupp was a writer, a man of education and of sound breadth of view. Yet to Roosevelt's personal backing, to his instant recognition of the value of the native culture, may be ascribed in a large measure any success that may have been attained in humanizing the processes of Indian education.

"I am thoroughly in sympathy with the idea of preserving and, if possible, of developing the art, the music, the poetry, of the Indian," said he, with that emphasis of conviction that made his decisions like powerful strokes of a forging hammer beating out results. "It fits in with all my policies of conservation, and I consider this question—the conservation of Indian art in our education of Indians—important enough to include in my next Message to Congress. I don't know anything about music, but the translations of Indian song-poems show the native poetry to be of rare value, and a movement to keep this song literature alive is certainly comparable to the resuscitation of Gaelic letters now going on in Ireland, which has interested me so keenly. Such an effort has my immediate and hearty support."

Again it was typical of Roosevelt's promptness of thought and action that within a few hours I received official letters from him taking my own work under his personal auspices; the package included letters to the Secretary of the Interior, opening a discussion of the whole policy of Indian education, and an open letter to all employees on the reservations which was so compellingly Rooseveltian that when I resumed my travels in the Indian country I could not only assure the Indians who sang for me that their singing of Indian songs would not get them into trouble with the agents, but these same agents now strewed my path with courtesies and called on me before breakfast with offers of help.

An hereditary friendship between the Roosevelt family and my own made my connection with the President informal and to me deeply enjoyable, while it gave me several opportunities in which to

wonder at the accuracy of Roosevelt's extraordinarily retentive memory and his instant grasp of anything connected with literature. When, after my next trip to the Indian country, I returned East with my harvestings of Indian songs and poems, the President sent for me to come at once to the White House for luncheon. I remember the entire simplicity of that luncheon—lamb chops, and for dessert baked apples—although the party was twelve or fourteen in number. The directness with which Roosevelt introduced the subject of the luncheon—the American Indian—was most embarrassing to me, who felt myself nothing but a little “snip” in the presence of gray-haired Senators and Cabinet members; for as we found our places at the table he turned his glasses full upon me and exclaimed, with terrifying emphasis, “Miss Curtis will now *sing* for us an Indian grace.”

To his mind, if we were there to talk about Indians, about Indians we would talk, and without delay, for Roosevelt never lost one moment's time in the accomplishment of a purpose. His attack was direct and muscular; he never preambled or beat about the bush; he snapped at a subject with sharp surety, and the near-sighted eyes behind the thick glasses seemed always intently focused. “I can never afford to be in arrears with anything that I have to do,” he once said to me; “I must always be abreast or ahead of my tasks.” For him life moved rapidly; he had the rare faculty of quick, clear-cut decision and immediate action. His was an amazingly positive nature. He never waited for events to “take their course”—he compelled results. A Government employee used to say, “When Roosevelt makes a mistake, his next act follows so closely on the heels of the mistake that it overtakes it and brushes it aside.”

I recall how the President astonished me that day at luncheon by telling the assembled guests in detail about the translations of Indian song-poems that I had sent to him the summer before at Sagamore Hill and that had first roused his interest in the preservation of the native culture. For, though he had returned the poems as soon as he had read them, he remembered every nuance of the somewhat unusual imagery of the verses:

“Blue butterflies,  
With pollen-painted faces,  
Chase one another in brilliant throng  
Over the blossoming virgin corn,” etc.

“How could you remember it all so accurately?” I asked.

“Why, didn't you know that I could pass an examination in anything that I had once read?” he answered, laughingly; “*provided*,” he added, “that it interested me.”

“Yet,” I said, “you read with such rapidity that the pages in your hand seem always ‘on tiptoe for a flight.’” Indeed, his reading seemed to me almost like a kind of clairvoyance—he took in a page at a glance, and yet every point that the author made was silhouetted in his mind.

After luncheon he led the way to the

big ballroom, where stood the grand piano, which was quite superfluous for a rendition of Indian songs. Two years later an echo of the songs that I had sung that day returned to me from a most unexpected quarter. It was significant of the contrast between France's attitude toward cultural influences and our own indifference that M. Thiersot, of the French Academy, who was then visiting this country in connection with the Alliance Française, was commissioned by his Government to make a study of the French folk songs of Canada, and also to report what the United States was doing in the preservation of our own folk music. He came to call upon me, bearing a letter of introduction from Mr. Roosevelt.

“Your President,” he said, “has a marvelously intimate knowledge of your Indian folk music. He gave me in detail a description of several of the songs. It is unusual for a statesman to carry such things in his head, is it not? In my forthcoming report I shall offer him the tribute that he deserves. I find him a scholar, with a true appreciation of the treasures of your own folk-lore. Perhaps it is because, as he told me, he lived in the ‘wild West’ himself, that he has such sympathy for the Indian songs.”

Indeed, this may have been true. It was not surprising that Theodore Roosevelt, the horseman and hunter, should have repeated to M. Thiersot the words of the Cheyenne victory song over which he had chuckled with such keen delight; but it was nothing less than astonishing that the song once heard in the White House ballroom should have been remembered by him with such exactness two years afterward. So authoritative was the President's quotation that the song figures in M. Thiersot's book as Mr. Roosevelt's contribution. The impressionistic poetry of the song-words, containing only the implied taunt of the victorious hosts who leave the bodies of their victims to the coyotes, had appealed immeasurably to Roosevelt, who seemed to sniff the breath of the great plains as he listened to the song:

“Wolves  
In the dawnlight  
Are eating!”

It was not only a literary memory that Theodore Roosevelt possessed; like Rudyard Kipling, he had a faculty for absorbing the essential features of anything that could be turned into literature. “When it comes to the kernel of a poem or of a book, you are like a phonographic record,” I once said to him.

“At all events,” he answered, “I am a good megaphone. And when ideas are brought to me that I think the public ought to get I'm willing to be spokesman.”

Indeed, his mind was in some respects an octopus. He reached out and grasped new view-points and made them his own almost instantaneously, and so completely that often they seemed to have been born in his own thought. His breadth, and his sanity of breadth, lay perhaps in just this faculty for drawing about him

people upon whose opinion on specialized subjects he could rely. His own quick grasp made it possible for him to assimilate the views of scientists and scholars, and his accurate memory enabled him to give the ideas forth again in his own megaphone-like way, so that with him culture passed from the study-room and became practically constructive, and he sowed wide and broad the seeds that otherwise might have had but a pale and weary struggle for growth in some student's ill-lighted chamber.

When at last my collection of Indian songs was ready for publication, I felt that it should bear the seal, as it were, of the “Big Chief at Washington,” who had followed the work with such deep sympathy for the purpose that had lain behind the making of the book: the effort to make the living Indian better understood, and to keep alive among the red men themselves their gift of poetry and song. I remember with what mixed feelings I read the letter that Roosevelt sent me for publication as an introductory note—mixed, because while I was grateful for all the kind things that he said, I felt the letter to be too personal to myself for inclusion in a volume dedicated to the Indians' own expression. Impertinent though it seemed, I sent the letter back, confident that Theodore Roosevelt would not misunderstand my explanation. It was the kind of straight-from-the-shoulder truthfulness that he himself preferred in human relations. And the very next morning, with what I used to call “the Presidential promptness,” there lay on my breakfast table another of the large White House envelopes, containing a kind little note saying that the following words, in the President's own hand, were gladly sent to replace the other letter:

“These Indian songs cast a wholly new light on the depth and dignity of Indian thought—the strange charm, the charm of a vanished elder world, of Indian poetry.”

Admittedly unmusical, yet in even such a specialized field as that of Indian music Roosevelt could see and hear and do. A *doer* he was, pre-eminently, a rapid-fire sharpshooter of deeds. If any one brought to him a well-defined, concrete suggestion of something to be actually achieved, not merely dreamed about as a vague vision of reform, he would thrust out his hand and give the effort a vigorous push. And whatever he touched had to move, one way or another; it could not stand still, for his touch was dynamic.

I often wonder how much of Roosevelt's keen practicality of vision, his ranger's eye for gauge and distance, and his virile power for immediate action, were due to the early influences of life in the Big West, where issues stand out clear and unclouded and men go forth to meet them with the venturesome courage of the pioneer and the self-reliant confidence of those who, having “tamed the wilderness,” can conquer the very elements, if need be, while looking the facts of life squarely in the face.

# INCREASED HOME RULE FOR INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

MR. E. S. MONTAGU, Secretary of State for India in the Lloyd George Cabinet, not long ago announced that a further step will be taken in the extension of Home Rule to the Indian Empire. This is an ideal that all friends of India, and all English officials in India, without exception, have held ever since the Imperial Government displaced the old East India Company sixty years ago.

Before I speak of the further extension of Home Rule in India it will be well to see how far India enjoys Home Rule already. To begin with, there are the Native States, covering 700,000 square miles, over one-third of the Indian Empire. One might call them a museum of races, tongues, and religions; but all India is that. The British principle in dealing with the Native States has been conservation; to maintain in each one of them the native form of rule, with the laws, customs, and religious observances that had grown up there or had flourished, in some cases, from time immemorial. In accordance with this principle of individual conservation according to the genius and history of each State, one finds what is practically the Mohammedan Kingdom of Hyderabad, in southern India, ruled by the Nizam, his Highness Sir Usman Ali Khan, who rules a realm as large as Great Britain, with a population of 14,000,000. Within the Nizam's dominions the Koran is the supreme law, together with the law books developed from the Koran in the brilliant Mohammedan period when the followers of the Prophet studied Aristotle, Euclid, and the elements of algebra which they received from the Brahmins. But, although Hyderabad is a Mohammedan State, this does not mean that all of its inhabitants are Mohammedans. On the contrary, the majority of them are Brahminical Hindus; and it may be said with entire confidence that in no other Mohammedan state has a non-Mohammedan population so much moral and civil liberty.

Immediately south of Hyderabad there is the great Orthodox Hindu State of Mysore, with about the area and population of Scotland. Its ruler is the Maharajah, his Highness Sir Krishnaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, and he is assisted by a Diwan, or Premier, and two Councilors. Mysore differs from Hyderabad in possessing a Parliament—a representative assembly, already nearly forty years old, elected by the leading cultivators, merchants, and the local bodies; there is, further, a Legislative Council of from thirteen to eighteen members. Just as in Hyderabad the Koran is the supreme law book, so in Mysore the Institutes of Manu hold sway, with the derived law books, like the Dayabhaga and Mitakshara, which especially regulate the extraordinarily complicated devolution of property in the Hindu system; for, in general, both Mohammedan and Hindu property, at the death of the owner, is

disposed of by law, and not by will; and in both systems all kinds and degrees of relationship are taken into account, so that even a moderate fortune may have to be divided into fifty or a hundred unequal portions. In Mysore education is highly developed, in the main, along Brahminical lines. One finds in Mysore many learned Brahmins who talk Sanskrit as a mother tongue; just as in Hyderabad one finds fine Arabic and Persian scholars.

Then there are the Rajputana States, larger in area than the whole of the British Isles, and representing the oldest and most genuinely national element in India, with dynasties that go back to the great epics the Mahabharata and Ramayana, while the ruling Rajput race gave India all its greatest religious teachers, like Rama, Krishna, and the Buddha. The ancient Rajput States were on the verge of destruction and complete extinction by the robber bands of the Mahrattas when the English came to India. Their deliverance and preservation are chiefly due to the able policy of the elder brother of the Duke of Wellington, who was rewarded by the title of Marquis of Wellesley. The conservation of these splendid historic nationalities is perhaps the most characteristic piece of work that the British have done in India. In each of the almost innumerable Native States the local institutions are religiously preserved, so that each enjoys Home Rule, and far more completely than would be possible under any uniform system applied to all India.

We come now to British India, that part which is directly governed by the Indian Civil Service, whose 900 members are responsible for the welfare of 300,000,000, or one-fifth of the human race. The unit of government is the old native *zillah*, or district, as in Kipling's fine yarn "The Head of the District." The average is 1,000,000 population to a district. Besides its nucleus of half a dozen British administrators, with a penumbra of several hundred native officials, from sub-judges and deputy magistrates down, each district has its elected district board, including the ablest natives, who are responsible for many local departments, such as roads, bridges, hospitals, and schools. At a time when one of my duties was to supervise the district board elections in a part of Bengal I noticed that only men of the higher castes, and notably Brahmins, were elected, so potent is the force of tradition; and this would undoubtedly be true in any general scheme of representative government applied to the whole of India. It would be representative in name only. The higher castes alone would be represented, as, for example, is the case in the National Congress. There are also smaller elected boards in the subdivisions of the districts. One may fairly compare their functions to those of our county governments.

More striking is the case of town government in India. There are some seven

hundred municipalities, with a population of 17,000,000; the majority of the members of the municipal councils are elected, and practically all are natives. This means that the British in India, including the officials, have put into the hands of native elected bodies, not only the welfare of the town-dwelling natives themselves, but also the well-being of the British residents of the towns, of their wives and children. And this in a country of epidemics, where life itself is so much dependent upon wise hygienic administration. The British have intrusted this immense responsibility to the natives because they know that the natives will take all possible care to apply the best rules of Western hygiene to the administration of the towns; and this trust is never misplaced.

The districts are grouped into the older presidencies and the newer provinces, and these are all subject to the General Government of India, with the Governor-General at its head, supervised by the Chief Secretary for India, in the British Parliament. The Governor-General is assisted by a Legislative Council, with a large native representation, and it is indicative of possible difficulties in India that special precautions have to be taken to secure the just representation of native minorities—as, for example, the Mohammedans. To take only the predominant class—that is, the priestly Brahmins—into account would be to risk serious injustice to these minorities, while the British principle has always been, as far as possible, to give to each race or tribe or group the form of government which is traditional with that group, whether it be large or small, advanced or backward.

One immense difficulty in the way of such uniformity is the difficulty of language. India has no common tongue; and English, which is the official language of the higher administration, is spoken by only 300,000 natives, or just one in a thousand. English, in fact, stands thirty-fourth in the list of Indian tongues, coming after such tongues as Baloch, Ho, Bihari, Arkanese, and Manipuri. To make English the language of an Indian Parliament would be to give despotic power to a small group of Brahmin and Mohammedan lawyers; but the great achievement of the British Government has been precisely to protect the almost helpless lower classes and the small, obscure tribes against the oppression of the stronger Brahmins and Mohammedans.

None the less the British Government has ceaselessly exerted its best efforts to give to the abler natives a larger part in administrative work, and particularly to give them larger representation both in the legislative councils of the presidencies and provinces, and in the higher Legislative Council, which advises and aids the Governor-General. The extension of this representation on these legislative councils is the task whose inception Mr. Montagu has announced.

# WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

*Based on The Outlook of February 26, 1919*

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

## I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

**A. Topic:** The New League of Nations.  
**Reference:** Pages 336, 337.

### Questions:

1. Give an epitome of the proposed constitution of the new League of Nations.  
2. Peace, order, and happiness for all concerned are among the purposes of this League. The New York "Sun" believes that the constitution of the League would nullify the Constitution of the United States. If the "Sun" is right, what kind of a Constitution has America? Discuss.  
3. If it required an amendment to our Constitution to join the League of Nations, would you be willing to have it amended? Reasons.  
4. Senator Borah says that the League and the Monroe Doctrine cannot exist together. Former President Taft and The Outlook believe that the League espouses the principle of the Monroe Doctrine. Read all the articles of the League's constitution carefully. Who, in your opinion, is right in this contention? Tell why.  
5. Tell what you think of international control of the former German colonies. Should these at any future time be returned to Germany? Discuss.  
6. There were several parts of our Federal Constitution which Benjamin Franklin did not approve of, but in urging his fellow-delegates to sign it he said: "Thus I consent, sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not the best." Discuss whether Franklin's spirit and example should be followed by the United States Senators in voting on the League of Nations constitution.  
7. The Outlook believes that the proposed constitution of the League "is in its purposes and in its effects the greatest international document of history." Give reasons why you agree or disagree with The Outlook.

**B. Topic:** Isolation or Co-operation.  
**Reference:** Pages 337-339.

### Questions:

1. Explain somewhat at length the kind of alliances Washington warned his fellow-countrymen against. Who usually made them? For what purposes? What was their spirit?  
2. Compare the spirit of international arrangements a century ago with the spirit of the present day. Discuss the practical value of this comparison.  
3. Discuss the appropriateness and the significance of The Outlook's statement: "The diet and the dress prescribed for a babe are not to be imposed on the growing boy or the full-grown man."  
4. The Outlook be-

lieves that the world has not yet been made safe for democracy. What are its reasons?

5. Explain: "The issue in 1919 is different in form but identical in substance with the issue in 1914."  
6. Discuss whether America is under any further obligation of co-operating with other nations in establishing law, justice, and order in Europe and the Orient.  
7. Explain what The Outlook says civilization rests upon. Show that "to disregard these laws is to court disease, disaster, and death."

**C. Topic:** The Socialist Labor Congress; Give the Man Without Work a Chance; The Rochdale Movement.

**Reference:** Pages 331, 334.

### Questions:

1. Find out what the objects of the International Socialist Labor Congress at Berne were. Should these be condemned? Reasons.  
2. Tell why you do or do not respect the judgment of Samuel Gompers and Mr. Walling as expressed on page 331.  
3. Discuss the significance of so much disagreement among Socialists themselves.  
4. Give an account of our National system of labor exchanges.  
5. Discuss the duty of Congress in reference to unemployment in the United States.  
6. What facts has The Outlook recorded about the rise and development of the Rochdale movement?  
7. What results of this movement are also given?  
8. Discuss whether industrial wrongs would be righted by spreading this movement and similar ones the world over.  
9. There are those who believe that social and industrial inequalities and wrongs would be done away with in the United States if the inheritance privilege was entirely abolished. Think this suggestion over and record your conclusions.  
10. Read these valuable and suggestive books: "The Abolition of Inheritance," by H. E. Read (Macmillan); "Description of Industry," by H. C. Adams (Holt); "Principles of Political Economy," by Thomas Carver (Ginn).

## II—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

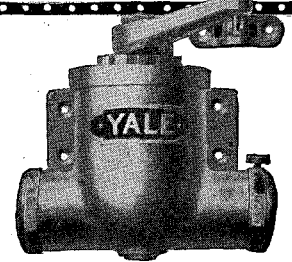
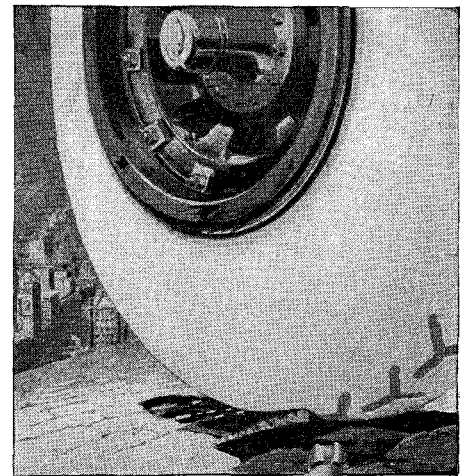
1. Democracy is no better now than it was in the days of Abraham Lincoln.  
2. Bolshevism is unorganized self-will.  
3. Permanent anarchy in any country is impossible.  
4. Traditionalism is an enemy of the state.

## III—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for February 26, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning in your own words. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Bicameral, secretariat (336); fatuous, Nihilism, hostages, in lieu of (338); procedure, repudiate, imperialism, accentuated (331).

*A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application*



## A shock absorber for the door

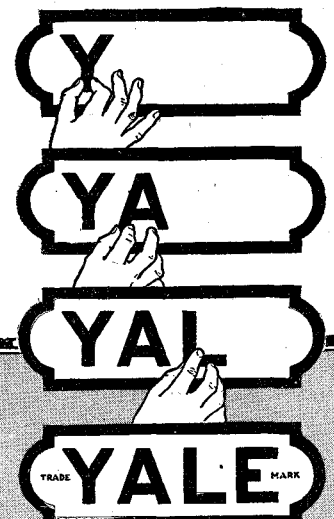
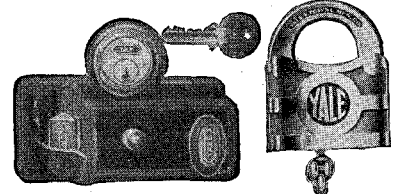
AS the pneumatic tire absorbs the shocks for the automobile, so the Yale Closer absorbs the shock of the closing door.

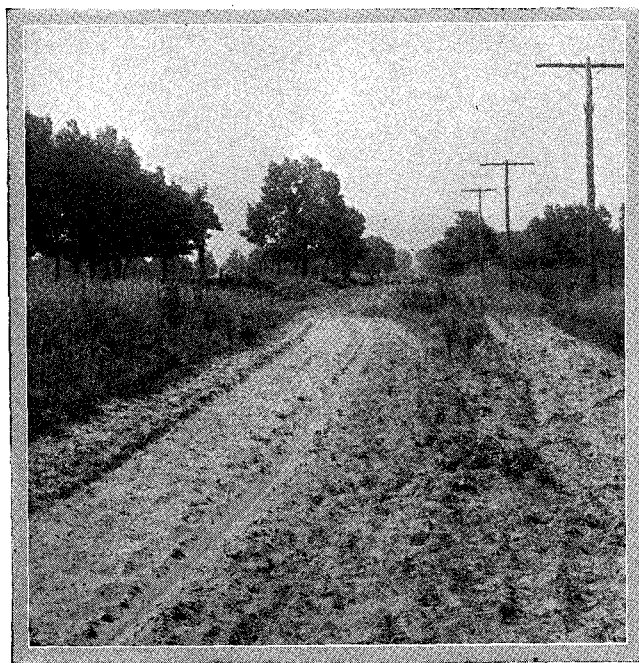
There are certain doors in your home or business building that you want closed to secure privacy and quiet, or to keep out dangerous drafts. Yale Door Closers will do this, do it automatically, quietly and surely.

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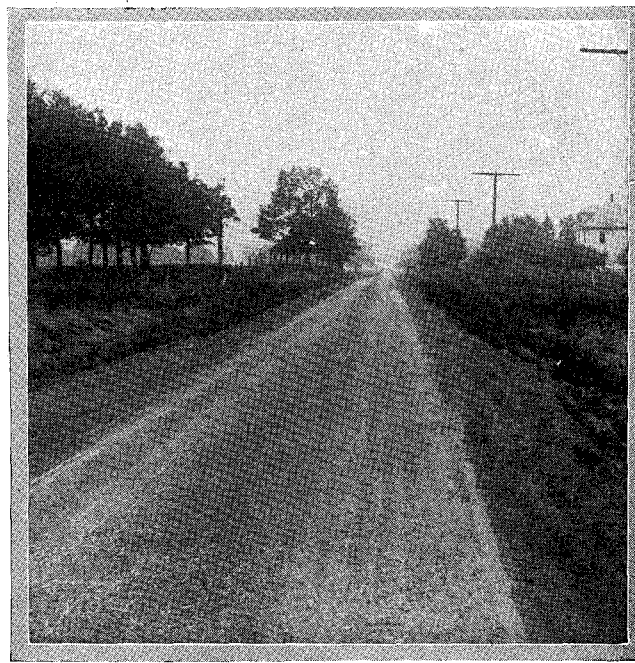
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He says the county was in terrible need of better roads. The mud all through the district was so deep that it was impossible to use wagons, all traveling being done either on foot or horseback.

In spite of the need there was little enthusiasm for good roads when the Board of County Commissioners met. Everyone was afraid of the presumed *high cost and increased taxes.*

A farmer in the back of the room arose.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I ain't fit to address a dignified meeting like this, but that's because I've had to travel for ten miles over the kind of roads you give us.

"I couldn't drive, I had to ride horseback.

"My boots are covered with mud; my trousers are covered with mud; my coat is covered with mud; my hat is covered with mud; and if I hadn't stopped to wash it my face would be covered with mud, too.

"I look as if I had crawled here on my hands and knees, and I'm only half through because I've still got to go back, with five dollars' worth of groceries that I bought from brother Fletcher.

"If there had been a good, hard road that my old horse

could climb up and draw in a load of lumber that I've got ready, I would have bought twenty-five dollars' worth of groceries instead of five dollars' worth, and there would have been that much more money in town to-night."

And the mud-covered farmer sat down!

Other speakers took up his case. They pointed out that good roads were an *asset* instead of a *liability*; an *economy* instead of an *expense*; that they brought money into a town and greatly increased the markets.

The result was that the Commissioners enthusiastically passed a resolution to issue bonds enough to give them several miles of good roads.

Today the county is more prosperous than ever, school conditions are better and the amount of traffic going in and out of the town has increased several hundred per cent.

The old-time hostility to good roads by taxpayers is fast passing away. Mud holes may look cheap, but they are the costliest thing any community can have around.

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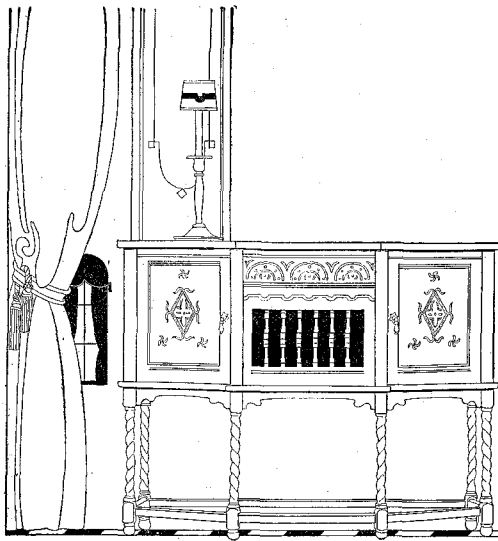
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JACOBEOAN ART MODEL, oak,  
49 inches long, 20 inches deep, 38  
inches high; automatic stop; Pathé  
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ference made by the Pathé Sapphire ball.

Pathé dealers have the popular hits, first—best—on Pathé records—fox-trots, one-steps, Jazz, dreamy waltzes, stirring marches, the latest song successes from Broadway, and in addition the most famous records by the leading artists and orchestras of Europe and America.

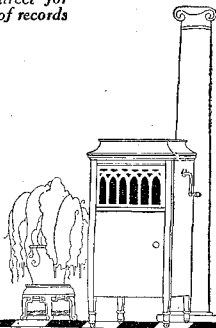
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## The Pathé plays all makes of Records

### THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE MUSIC SETTLEMENT

The passionate love of Theodore Roosevelt for children and his equally passionate desire that American children should share alike in all things which go to make up the perfect citizen were very clearly shown about eight years ago, when he visited the Third Street Music School Settlement in New York City.

He had listened to the orchestra of East Side boys and girls from many foreign lands play a movement from a Hayden symphony, to a trio of tiny pupils who astonished him with the Widor "Serenade" for piano, violin, and 'cello, followed by various piano and violin solos. After joining the pupils, orchestra, and audience in singing "America," he said at the end of a wonderful speech:

"Boys and girls, do not envy your neighbors who may have many automobiles in their garages while you have your piano, your violin, or 'cello. Prepare yourself to earn the living wage, but do not forget to leave the casement open to let in 'the light that never was on sea or land.' Let the love for literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, and, above all, music enter into your lives."

When America entered into the great war, there were many of us who wondered as to the response of the great East Side of New York. Trotsky had passed by, pro-German propaganda was in the air, and we remembered that Russia had been the birthplace of a large proportion of these young American citizens. There were memories of suffering hard to forget. Would these same citizens live up to the standard demanded of them by Theodore Roosevelt whenever he came in contact with them, as he often did?

There was no doubtful answer to their country's call, to the call of this great leader of men. The "casement had been left open" and the boys of the East Side went out to help maintain the peace of the world—went out to the Great Adventure. There were some among them who had played in the Music School orchestra, and two of these have shown the highest qualities in establishing the morale of our men at the front. One has taught French, played his 'cello, and served in action. Another has given every day since Germany declared war organizing support in Paris for Russian exiles, playing in the trenches (for he is now a violin virtuoso), and, in company with the greatest artists of France, has stood beside the *poilu*, and later beside our own men, cheering and encouraging all by his beautiful art. The French Government has recognized this remarkable achievement.

Theodore Roosevelt "went west" before he knew fully how these men and many New York citizens of the East Side had proved their loyalty to America.

There could be no better memorial to our greatest American than a united effort all over this great land to make it possible for every boy and every girl who is earning the living wage to "open the casement"—to make a civic building as beautiful as the Pennsylvania Station, to build more Museums of Art, establish schools for the study of the fine arts, music especially, and give to all the privilege of listening to symphony concerts and to opera—indeed, to masterpieces of music in every form—the privilege which belongs almost solely to the few.

A. E. STANDISH.

Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

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# APPERSONS

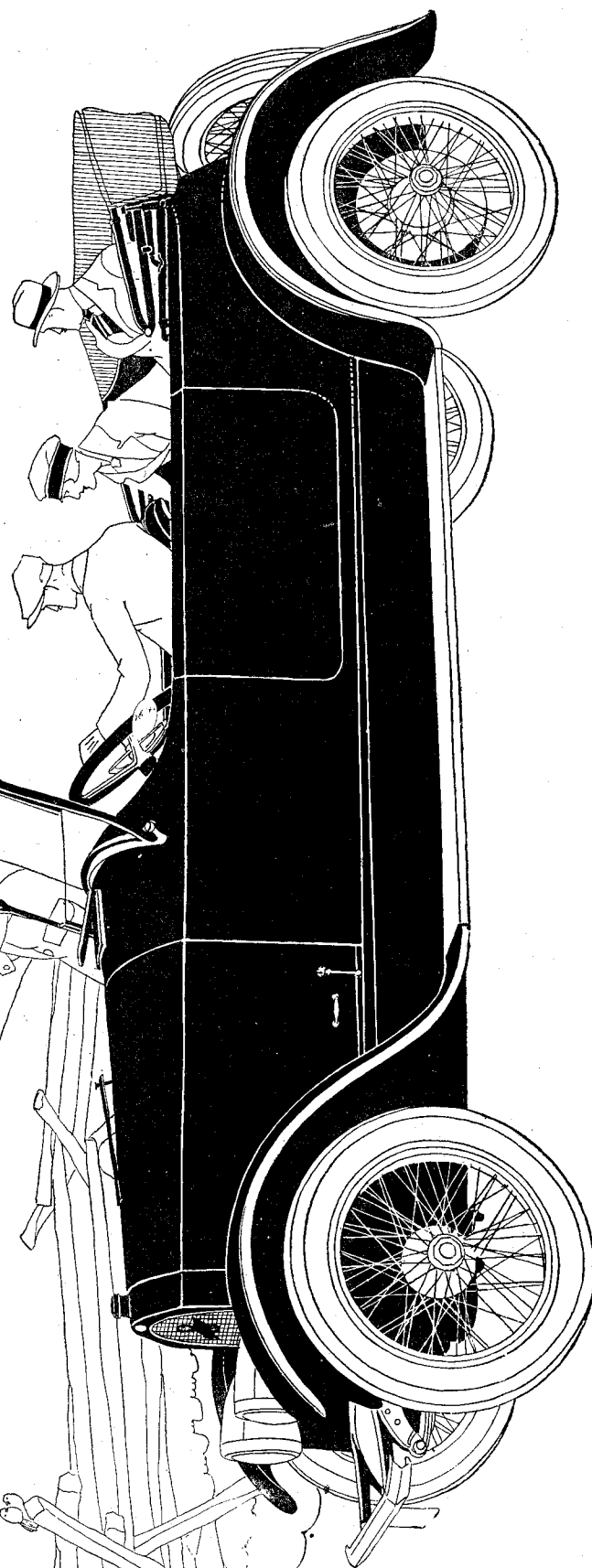
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## THE SHORT STORY

BY ESTHER MATSON

**A** GAIN Kipling is giving us prose short stories, and again Barrie. These are news items indeed, and of a significance. Then there is Alfred Noyes trying his hand on this instrument. There is Dunsany turning from playlets to tales. There is a new volume by Dorothy Canfield, another by John Galsworthy; there is a volume of stories by Laura Wolcott dealing with the ever-interesting New England life, and there is another volume of stories by Alice Brown. In addition to these and a veritable host of others there is of course Edward J. O'Brien's yearly collection of what he considers the best examples of this art for 1918, and there are certain anthologies of *contes* done into English from the Russian and from the French that bid fair to become highly popular. Indeed, all the signs at present seem to be propitious and to point to a peculiar flowering of this particular one among the literary arts.

Now the love of story-telling and of listening to stories is well-nigh as old as human nature. If we remember that the tale may be told in verse as truly as in prose (as witness Chaucer's famous Canterbury narratives), we shall be bound to confess that, like music and the dance, this is one of the primitive arts. But times of storm and stress always throw us back upon the primitive, so it is quite natural that the present story wave should come swelling in upon us to-day with all the force of a tremendous sea surge. It would be in the line of possibility too if our own country, the farthest removed from the center of activity of the world war and the last to enter the arena, should yet eventually react to it with one or more masterpieces. The thing remains to be seen, as also whether it shall materialize in verse or in the more presumably modern medium of prose.

Meantime it is interesting to make a few inquiries about the short story. Why has it such an appeal just now? Where is it different from other forms of literature? How especially is it different from the novel?

To such questions one can make conjectures rather than answers. To begin with, the short story appeals to us just now undoubtedly because it offers us recreation without too great a demand upon our time. This gives it a real advantage over the novel, which requires not only time for its perusal, but also a certain leisureliness of soul. However, the difference between these two, the novel and the short story, is not a mere matter of the long and the short of it. True, both are fiction. True, both aim at a representation of life that shall be as lifelike as possible. Both require of the author a knack—I might say, a sleight of hand—that not only gives the likeness, but that has power to keep the reader's mind at attention. (Of the people who have this knack in a notable degree you know we say they are "born story-tellers.") But the means of arriving at this end are quite unlike, and, when all is told, the two resulting kinds of fiction are as different as a song and a symphony.

Analogies are never altogether reliable, but, to my own mind, it helps clear the situation a little to think of the novel as of a piece of woven tapestry, a piece of art wrought in as brilliant and fadeless colors as possible of many dexterously mingled threads. Some of these threads, those

delineating the hero and heroine and their adventures perhaps, may be done in gold and silver tissue; while the others, the minor characters and minor incidents, are done in wool or homespun. Sometimes there may be idealistic interweavings of shining silken texture; sometimes the whole fabric will be of homespun on a cotton warp. But, in any event, the threads will be knit so close about that warp that they will become as very part and parcel of it.

Contrasting with this, I think of the *conte*, or short story, as of blown glass—a thing conceived by the artificer in a single moment of inspiration—fused while his materials are at white heat into some rare and beautiful form. We often hear it stated that a novel is easier to succeed with than a short story. Many reasons are given for this fact, but it is reason enough that just as the glass-blower succeeds or fails by dint of one single effort, so the writer of the tale succeeds or fails according as he achieves or fails to achieve one single effect or impression.

Professor Hart, who has thrown a bomb into the camp of literary critics by proclaiming Kipling the greatest story-teller since Chaucer, has attempted a definition of the short story. It is the "elaboration," says Professor Hart, "in brief and concrete narrative form of all possible story elements, of setting, of characters, emotions, of plot, and of the attitude toward life which all these reveal or imply." I confess I do not find this very clear, though the word concrete is apt and suggestive. I like better the French idea that it is just a bit of life. And as a rule that author will make it most convincing and most vivid to me who tells it with the greatest sincerity, with the most absolute single-mindedness, and with sheer simplicity.

Pick out at random any of the classic tales—the story of "Little Red Riding Hood," of "Goldilocks," de Maupassant's "Necklace," Balzac's "Christ in Flanders" (which, by the by, is well worth turning back to). Different as these are, they all make us, for the nonce, believe in them. Each one of them impresses us, at least while we are under its spell, as being perfectly sincere, single-hearted, simple.

Among moderns one might cite Dunsany's "Prayer of the Men of Daleswood" for its downrightness and simplicity. Eden Phillpotts is a past-master in achieving this impressiveness. His "Chronicles of St. Tid," for example, carry us straight into Cornwall and make us feel that we are acquainted with the folk who live in this particular countryside as positively as we are acquainted with any people of flesh and blood. The humorous, the romantic, and the tragic events which take place are bound up inextricably with the characters (as inevitably as cause and effect), while the picturesqueness and the glimpses of old local superstitions, of "fancical" occurrences before the dawn of "honest history," serve merely to heighten and intensify this impression.

It is pleasant and not unprofitable to draw out comparisons and contrasts between the short story and such literary forms as the poem and the essay. But they can be taken only suggestively, after all; for, as we are all aware, such forms, like the colors in the spectrum, shade off into one another so subtly that no hard and fast rules can be made about them. The



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*The Short Story (Continued)*

poem, we are prone to say, has for its distinguishing mark the power to induce a heightened, other-worldly mood. The essay, we agree, puts us into a placid, agreeable tenor of mind. Far from attempting to carry us away from the every-day and the things of the every-day, the essayist plays ball with the commonplaces and throws his own wit and humor over them like the rays of a searchlight.

The short-story writer, on the other hand, gives us an emotion. Let the mood, either worldly or other-worldly, take care of itself, he seems to say. Come away with me and live through this that I am going to tell you just as if it were happening to you—to you yourself—in reality, not merely in imagination. This writer, in other words, plays upon our sensations rather than on our spiritual or our intellectual natures. Yes, it is true that he has thus an alarming range of height and depth at his command. If he so wills it, he can play on our commoner, least worthy senses, or he can aspire to touch our more delicate and exquisite capabilities of sensation. He may offer us a story that has all the rank brilliance of the peony, or even the baneful luxuriance of the deadly nightshade, or he may offer us one that partakes of the nature of the shy wood orchid.

Certainly a danger does lurk in this art. The writer must often be tempted to harp upon the emotions that depress and devitalize instead of invigorating. This may be one reason why some of us find Galsworthy's tales less satisfactory than his essays. Besides this there is another danger—the danger that we may be lured into the indolent habit of relying for all our recreation on things that, like the moving picture, supply too much in themselves, require too little exertion on our own part.

Especially now it should not be difficult to rouse emotional reactions in us. Our nerves are painfully close to the surface, so that let the story-teller take for his subject any of the touching or terrible or astounding incidents that the past few years have abounded in and he can scarcely fail of arousing attention. Just possibly this is one reason for the host of stories that have been recently pouring from the presses. Mr. O'Brien states that in 1917 the increase of such over the year before was a hundred per cent, and he considers that already America has made in the short story her most notable contribution to the world's literature. I have not seen a computation for the past year, but numbers alone will not make us notable, and I am not sure that we have gone about the matter with as high a seriousness as have, for instance, the French and the Russians—not sure, therefore, that we deserve the high encomium. Here, however, I would like to make an exception or two—the better so to prove the rule—as possibly the best bit of work in Dorothy Canfield's latest volume, the story called "A Little Kansas Leaven," and very surely Alice Brown's story which gives the title to her book "The Flying Teuton."

It is not that we demand of the short story that it necessarily give us an interpretation of life as does poetry, nor that it give us a criticism of it as the essay often does, but we do demand that it give us a realization of life.

Kipling rarely fails to do this, and in his latest, "The Eyes of Asia," which has been aptly enough proclaimed "a big little book," he gives us as well a criticism, and

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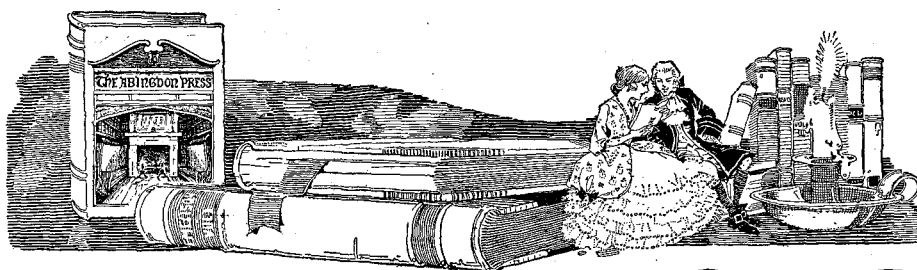
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The next Special Publishers' Issue of  
The Outlook will be that of April 2.

This will contain book articles, a re-  
view of new books, and publishers'  
announcements.

Advertising copy for this issue must  
reach us not later than March 22.

The issue of May 7 will contain further  
reviews of new spring books.

### The Short Story (Continued)

a tremendously significant, even portentous criticism, of life.

This sense of realization the short story must give us if it is what Walter Pater referred to when he prophesied that imaginative prose was to be the "special art of the modern world." This imaginative prose he found to be "an instrument of many stops—meditative, observant, descriptive, eloquent, analytic, plaintive, fervid." There could not be adjectives more perfect to express the various kinds of short story. Nor is it impossible for the author in the course of his narrative to pull out more than one of these stops. Alfred Noyes in "The Garden of the Cliff" is both descriptive and plaintive. So in a little story called "The Mourners" Margaret Lynn has made use of both these stops, though with the stress upon the analytic. So in "The Flying Teuton" Alice Brown is observant, analytic, meditative, at the same time that she gives us also a poetic satisfaction.

There are moments in our lives when we agree with Stevenson that the presentation of even the most terrible imaginary events can give us positive enjoyment because it heightens our sense of being alive. Alfred Noyes doubtless held this theory in regard to several of his "Walking Shadows" as he wrote them. Sometimes one wonders why he found this or that tale worth the telling unless as a sort of *tour de force*, but, in spite of his preoccupation with the war (nine of the stories are based directly on it), the volume shows in its happier portions, and especially in "The Hand of the Master," Noyes's own poetic hand. Indeed, we would be disappointed if we could not find such after reading the very worthwhile Prelude, which is in verse, and in which he aptly foreshadows the nature of the collection.

There are other times when we incline more to George Sand's conclusion. "Preaching unity to men who are cutting one another's throats," said she, "is like crying in the wilderness. There are times when souls are so agitated that they are dead to every direct appeal. Plain allusions to present ills, the address to boiling passions—there is no road to safety there. A sweet song, the sound of a rustic pipe, a story to put little children to sleep without fear or pain, is better than the spectacle of real evils deepened and darkened still more by the colors of fiction."

This is why we find a truly tonic quality in Julia Frances Wood's "A Parable for Fathers," a refreshing story in which the cockyness of the younger generation and the placid acceptance of a background rôle by the older are set off in strong relief against each other, and a truer sense of values brought about by a single incident in the shape of a patriotic banquet.

Such refreshment is found in the humorous "Adventures of Théophile" (first enjoyed by The Outlook's readers), the frankly fictitious but delightful French army cook. Besides his gift of humor, the author of these adventures, Donal Hamilton Haines, has the pleasant knack of making each separate tale in the series satisfying in itself. It is not so much a matter of working up to a climactic surprise—as, for instance, O. Henry was fond of doing—as of stringing a row of amusing little happenings, just as you would string a number of gay beads on a thread, and then of fastening them together with a clasp that goes click.

As a matter of fact, both the French and

*The Short Story (Continued)*

the Scotch view-points about our art are worth pondering, though in days when we turn to reading for solace the French is like to seem most pertinent. As it happens, Stevenson himself has given us both the merry and the gruesome or thrilling kind of tale. George Sand, too, has touched the note of pathos as well as of rich joyousness in her bewitching idyls of country life. Sunshine and shadow shed their interlacing patterns over human life and human natures just as they do over the landscape, and it is the art of the story-teller to capture those patterns in his imagination and represent them to us in writing.

This is what George Eliot does in her "Scenes of Clerical Life." It is what Barrie did in his first notable sheaf of short stories, the "Auld Licht Idyls," while Kipling in "They" and Hawthorne in "The Great Stone Face" glimpse and make us glimpse peculiarly rare and evanescent lights.

But why, it may be objected, when there are more modern books than time to mention them—stories written by such moderns as van Dyke, Elsie Singmaster, Susan Glaspell, and many another—why should we turn back to these older stories? My answer is that not only will these older masterpieces rest our jangled nerves, but they will help us to keep up our standards. They will help us to demand of the newer stories certain excellences, to demand of them something more than timeliness, something more than technic, more than bravura, or even coloratura. They will suggest that we demand of the new worthwhile short story that, though it may not go a-moralizing, though it may not, as Howells puts it, be argumentative, yet it must arouse our human sympathy. The while it depicts some particular aspect of life or of imagined life, either in "meditative, in eloquent, in analytic, in plaintive, or in fervid" wise, it must, like the living through some new experience in reality or the meeting with a new and inspiring personality, leave us just so much the richer, just so much the more human.

## THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

## FICTION

**Blue Aloes.** By Cynthia Stockley. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

Some readers like to feel shivers of horror run down their backs. Miss Stockley is an adept in producing the impression of terror without actual brutality in act. These stories of South Africa breathe the atmosphere of tragedy and are imbued also with local color and feeling. They are by no means pleasant, but they are sharp and powerful in their impressionism.

**Danger! and Other Stories.** By A. Conan Doyle. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is one of the best of short-story writers. But this is not one of the best of his books of short stories. The greatest interest is in the story "Danger!" here reprinted. It first appeared a year or so before the beginning of the great war. Its purpose was to show England's danger in war from an enemy which should use submarines ruthlessly to destroy merchant ships. The element of unconscious prophecy in this is remarkable. When the story was first published, the

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### The New Books (Continued)

usual comment was that no nation could conceivably so violate the rules of warfare and common humanity as to do anything of the kind. Germany has taught us differently.

**Flame of Life (The).** By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Translated by Cassandra Vivaria. (The Modern Library of the World's Best Books.) Boni & Liveright, Inc., New York. 70c.

We have already spoken of the service done to American readers in the publication of the excellent "Modern Library of the World's Best Books." Some seventy volumes have been issued in this series. They cover a wide and varied field in literature and appeal to different tastes. Few readers who care for poems, stories, and philosophical books of permanent value will fail to find something which will interest them among these moderate-priced little volumes.

**Hira Singh.** By Talbot Mundy. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.

In the form of fiction this book tells the story of an actual occurrence in the war. Few military feats have exceeded the marvel of the Sikh regiment which fought and marched its way across deserts, mountains, and plains to Afghanistan and thence through the Khyber Pass, home to India. The Sikhs had fought on the French front, had been obliged to surrender, were tempted in their prison camp by the Germans, pretended to accept the offer, were sent to Constantinople to show how India was deserting England, were put on a ship to be taken elsewhere, seized the ship, landed on a remote coast, and thence struggled and fought their way over the route above named, to reappear in their native country—decimated, wounded, exhausted, but loyal. The tale is a fine piece of relation. The Sikh soldier Hira Singh says, "It is the great gift of the British that they have set faith in the hearts of other men."

**Roll-Call (The).** By Arnold Bennett. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

This long novel is remotely connected with Mr. Bennett's "Clayhanger" just about as its hero, George, is related to the hero of that book. It will be remembered by those who have followed the fortunes of the people in Mr. Bennett's "Five Towns" series that Hilda Lessways, after marrying a bigamist, married Clayhanger. The hero of "The Roll-Call" was the son of the bigamist, and therefore the stepson of Clayhanger.

All this is not very important, but Mr. Bennett evidently feels that the family connection must be maintained in these long, detailed records of fictitious life. "Clayhanger" itself, like "The Old Wives' Tales," was remarkable in its realism and shrewd social knowledge; the later books have been less forceful and disagreeably naturalistic. The present story is inoffensive, and in a mild way the reader enjoys the progress of George as an architect, his love adventures and misadventures, and his development into a man of positive character through the test of war.

**Room Number 3.** By Anna Katharine Green. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.

A reprint of one of the best of the long list of detective stories by this author. In a way she was a pioneer in American literature of this kind.

### BIOGRAPHY

**One Great Society (The).** A Book of Recollections. By Frederick Lynch, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.25.

The author of this book has in his varied life met and observed, rather than studied,

*The New Books (Continued)*

a great many prominent men and women active in modern thought as writers, preachers, and teachers. His sketches of these personages are vivid and interesting. They contain neither biographical details nor psychological analyses. They are pictures—not biographies—and might also be called "snap-shots;" but they are taken by an observant and skillful photographer.

**Joyce Kilmer.** Edited with a Memoir by Robert Cortes Holliday. Vol. I—**Memoir and Poems**; Vol. II—**Prose Works**. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$5.

The Outlook commented on the work of this gallant soldier-poet at the time of his death in battle last July. This complete edition of his works is recommended, not only to lovers of good poetry, but to all who enjoy in a novel above all things the detailed depiction of human character. For this two-volume work is less important as poetry than it is as a revelation of a charming personality. The poet's literary executor has written an extraordinarily skillful and suggestive memoir, whose broad outlines the poems and letters fill in and color. A few of the poems are exquisite and keenly imaginative, all of them are vigorous and true, and some will doubtless remain close to the hearts of those millions for whom Riley is a household companion. But these volumes would be important even though the verse they enshrine were not. For in them lives and breathes an unusually genial and valiant spirit, full of humor and feeling and the lightness and brightness of an Ariel. The ghost of a gallant warrior has cause for everlasting gratitude to his literary executor. The living will thank Mr. Holliday no less for the lights and shades of his picture, the angels and the beefsteaks that combined to make a rare and lovable human being.

**Worlds and I (The).** By Ella Wheeler Wileox. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$3.50.

**Yashka: My Life as Peasant, Officer, and Exile.** By Maria Botchkareva. As Set Down by Isaac Don Levine. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$2.

Many readers will take up this autobiography of the founder of the Russian Battalion of Death with a feeling that the author was something of a "fake." Most of them are likely to close the book with the conviction that it is one of the most sincere and candid as it is certainly one of the most thrilling recitals of heroic adventure that the entire war has produced. The revelation given by this illiterate, primitive, but naturally gifted woman of the soul of struggling Russia is almost Tolstoyan in its vividness. It will be of special benefit to people who have an undercurrent of sympathy with Bolshevism to read here of its treatment of this woman soldier.

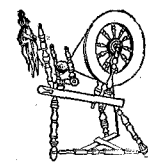
**HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS**  
**British-American Discords and Concord.** Compiled by the History Circle. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 75c.

This little book puts very tersely the story of the growth of the relationship between Great Britain and America which has brought about, or at least is bringing about, a real, though not formal, alliance of all English-speaking peoples. Not the least valuable part of this little book is the bibliography at the end.

**German Empire of Central Africa (The).** By Emil Zimmermann. Translated from the Original German. With an Introduction by Edwyn Bevan. The George H. Doran Company, New York. 25c.

Half of this small volume is an account of the German African colonies by a Ger-

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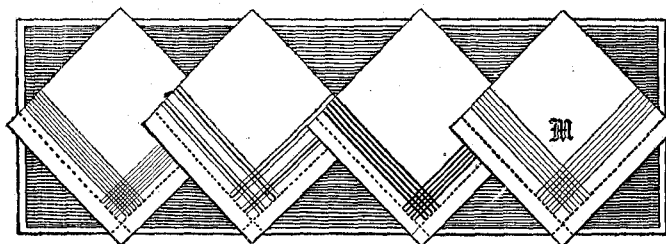
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### The New Books (Continued)

man who knows about them. The other half is an account of German colonial policy by a Briton. Now more than ever we are concerned with the future of the former German Empire of Central Africa. As Mr. Bevan says, the whole question of a German oversea empire will of course take on a different complexion if the German state comes to be directed by a new spirit. But, as he adds, it will not be safe to count on such a spirit as durable until a certain period of time has elapsed.

**History of the Lithuanian Nation (The), and Its Present National Aspirations.** By Kunigas Antanas Jusaitis. Translated. The Lithuanian Catholic Truth Society, Harrison, N. J.

Why should a Lithuanian Government be set up? The present volume answers that question. In area and population Lithuania is about the size that Bulgaria was before the war of 1912. From prehistoric times the Lithuanian nation (it is not a Slav nation) has dwelt in the basin of the River Niemen, its connection with the Baltic Sea being at the port of Memel. In mediæval times independent Lithuania played an important part. She now demands a return to her political independence, and has formed a government of her own. Will the Peace Conference of Paris give it countenance?

**India in Transition.** By His Highness the Aga Khan. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

The author of this volume—the Aga Sultan Mahomed Shah, generally known as the Aga Khan—is an interesting character. He is the head of the Ismaili Mohammedans, and has many religious followers in India, Central Asia, and East Africa. He has been highly regarded, not only in India, but by the various British Governments; indeed, in 1902 he attended the Coronation as the Government's guest. Throughout the book his point of view is that of a man who represents the spiritual strength of the Indian, reasoning from the inside out, so to speak, and also appreciating any reasoning from the outside in, like the Englishman's. Politically, while the Indian administration is carried on by British heads with Indian hands, fortunately for the peace of the country the British recognize the necessity of developing all the various governing methods there—in other words, the various communal bonds. Hence communal representation, affirms the author, must be taken into account by those who would reform India.

**Pilgrims and Their History (The).** By Roland G. Usher, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

This volume of three hundred pages is for the general reader the best account of the principles and history of the Pilgrims with which we are acquainted, for Dr. Usher is a scholar who has the rather unusual ability to make his scholarship available to the unscholarly reader. He writes neither a eulogy nor a critique, but a discriminating history of events and an interpretation of principles. Two sentences quoted from this volume may serve to indicate to the reader both the clarity of his style and something of the spirit of the movement which he describes:

The Pilgrim movement was in truth a crusade for righteousness, a search for Utopia, a pilgrimage to the Promised Land.

We shall never grasp the story of the early years in New England nor understand why Plymouth did not grow in numbers as success-

*The New Books (Continued)*

ive waves of Puritans reached America unless we bear constantly in mind that the Pilgrims voluntarily left England to avoid contact both with the Church and with the Puritans who accepted it.

## WAR BOOKS

**Glory of the Coming (The).** By Irvin S. Cobb. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.75.

These articles of war correspondence stand the test of publication in book form much better than most such articles. Mr. Cobb tells of the American soldier as he saw him at the front and in camp. His narrative is not chiefly military. It abounds in appreciation of the spirit, the courage, and the individuality of the newly made American soldier. As every one knows, Mr. Cobb has humor; he has also the gift of keen observation and the art of putting things.

**United States in the World War (The).** By John Bach McMaster. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3.

This is a valuable volume both to read and to keep for reference. It might, perhaps, have been a little more accurately entitled "How and Why the United States Entered the War." It is not a history of the war, but a history of the events through which the United States was forced into the war because of the wrongful attacks upon its own citizens, the treachery and cruelty of Germany against humanity, and the need that America should play its part in making the world secure from such attacks and from imperialistic and autocratic rule.

**"With the Help of God and a Few Marines."** By Brigadier-General A. W. Catlin, U. S. M. C. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$1.50.

No one can exaggerate the service done by the American divisions of Marines at Château Thierry, Belleau Wood, and elsewhere. General Catlin commanded the Sixth Regiment of Marines at Château Thierry, and it is that fight which is described in this book. The narrative could hardly help being animated and enthusiastic, and it certainly is both. It is one of the books about American war effort which is well worth keeping as well as reading.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**Wit, Wisdom, and Foibles of the Great.** Compiled by Charles A. Shriner. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$5.

The first instinct of every newspaper man on taking up this monumental volume of seven hundred pages will be to say, "What a splendid mine whence to dig 'fillings'!" Illustrative anecdotes, moreover, are useful in other places than newspapers; public speakers and even eminent divines have been known to resort to this method of lightening their discourses. We note with thorough approval the fact that the compiler has gone to original sources and has cast his net far and wide. In other words, he has made good use of that splendid branch of literature which includes biography and reminiscence, and has there found hundreds of incidents which are related to the sayings and doings of famous or notorious men and women. Whether each and every one of these anecdotes is of a veritable occurrence or not does not matter; they have at least the air of reality, and very often the apocryphal ones are the most amusing. Apart from its usefulness, the book has the merit of affording material for many half-hours' entertaining reading, and it matters not much whether one begins at the first, last, or middle page.

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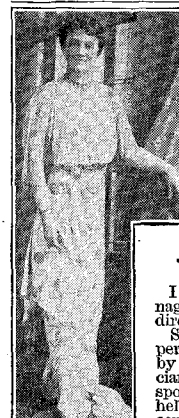
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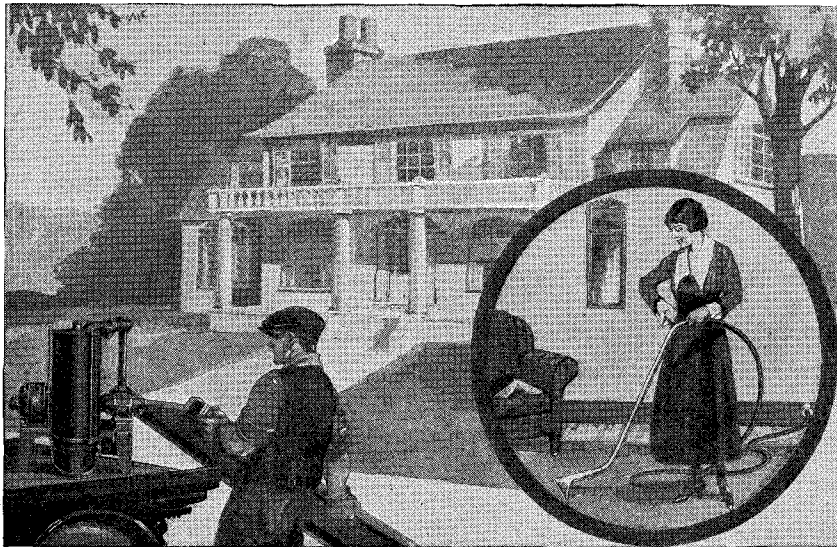
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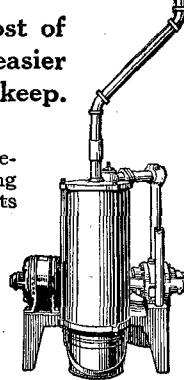
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## BY THE WAY

"Where did you find the prisoner, constable?" asked the magistrate, according to "Tit-Bits." "In Trafalgar Square, sir," was the reply. "And what made you think he was intoxicated?" "Well, sir, he was throwing his walking-stick into the fountain and trying to entice one of the stone lions to go and fetch it out again."

The Paris correspondent of "American Art News" says that there are no less than forty-seven pirated "Rodins," each work signed and bearing a complimentary inscription to the pseudo-owner, now in the possession of unsophisticated buyers who have been swindled by unscrupulous dealers. As illustrating the gullibility of the *nouveau riche*, the correspondent says that one of these dealers sold a Louis XV commode to a customer who supposed it to be genuine and paid \$4,000 for it. The customer found it to be a fake and forced the dealer to refund the money. Next week he found the same commode in a friend's house. "What did you pay for that?" he asked. "Five thousand," was the reply.

Mr. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury and Director-General of Railroads, has, according to a statement in the "Dramatic Mirror," been engaged as counsel for the United Artists' Distributing Association, "an organization which includes the foremost stars of the motion-picture field." His salary, it is said, will be \$100,000 a year. So, it seems, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, *et al.*, can successfully compete with the United States Government when they want an employee.

A "centipede race" is said to be an amusing athletic novelty. A dozen men or boys get astride of a long pole. They race with another dozen similarly equipped. Team-work is of course necessary, or there will be laughable balks and falls.

Queer things are advertised for sale or as "wanted" in the pages of a New York City paper that makes a specialty of such advertising. Here are a few:

For sale—Chop suey sign with motor; first-class condition; cost \$450; sell cheap. Address —, etc.

Hot composition press for manufacturing dolls' heads for sale; sacrifice to quick buyer. Address —, etc.

Will buy a broken fountain pen, also leather suit-case and leather brief-case. Address —, etc.

Wanted—Healthy man to provide blood for transfusion; harmless procedure; \$35. Apply at — Hospital.

A subscriber writes as follows about loosening the refractory tops of fruit jars: "1. Don't use two wrenches, or even one, but *wet* the rubber under cap, pulling rubber away from glass. 2. With point of table-knife, loosen rubber all around under cap. 3. Run a stream of hot water on edge of cap till quite warm, but not hot enough to break glass. 4. Hold jar, top and bottom, with a damp cloth, and with *hands only* unscrew the cap."

Most readers can define the word aviary without hesitation; but how many of the omniscient verbalists can tell the meaning of "caviary" without putting on their thinking caps? Does it mean a factory for preparing caviare? No; another guess must be hazarded. "Cavy" is a guinea-pig; and "caviary," as used in an advertisement in a medical magazine, is a place where guinea-pigs are bred for physicians' use: "Guinea-

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*By the Way (Continued)*

pigs—8 oz., healthy; safe arrival guaranteed. Address Badger State Caviary," etc.

One of Booker Washington's best stories—a joke at the expense of his own race—is quoted in Frederick Lynch's "One Great Society." A colored man was asked by a white citizen to supply his family regularly with turkeys—tame ones, not wild, the latter being occasionally in the market. One week a member of the family found some shot in his portion of the bird. The turkey vender was expostulated with. "You sent us a wild turkey this time; there were shot in it." The colored man scratched his head. "'Deed, no, boss," he explained; "dat was a tame bird all right. Dat shot was meant fo' me!"

"Shell shock is nothing new," says the Colorado "Independent." "We had it thirty years ago. It was at the county fair. The fellow who gave it to us had three shells and a small rubber pea."

Normal conditions on European railways are beginning to be restored. The first Paris-Brussels train in fifty months started on the evening of December 27, with 1,014 passengers. The first train to Brussels from Paris by the more direct route through Maubeuge arrived at Brussels February 4. Soon the railways may be expected to resume their service through regions heretofore closed by military operations.

Here are two "Conning Tower" jokes on the coming dry spell: "June 30 will be a big day—ending the fizzle year." "These, as C. G. S. says Tom Paine might say, are the times that dry men's souls."

"Is this a healthy town?" inquired the home-seeker. "I should say so," was the answer, as reported in "Tonics and Sedatives;" "when I came here I hadn't the strength to utter a word, I had scarcely a hair on my head, I couldn't walk across the room, and I had to be lifted from my bed." "You give me hope. How long have you been here?" "I was born here."

Newburgh, New York, is situated at a considerable distance from the mouth of the Hudson River, but a vessel of 9,000 tons carrying capacity was recently launched from a shipyard there. The ship was named Walden, after a village near Newburgh. The honor made a hit with the Walden people, and they attended the launching *en masse* with bouquets and bells—the latter a gift for the ship. The incident may furnish a hint for other shipyards.

"And now," says the Long Island City "Star," "our returning soldiers will soon be demanding of their mothers and wives doughnuts like the Salvation Army used to make."

Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, well known as a devoted missionary and as the author of books on Alaska, writes from Fort Yukon in correction of a story printed in this department a few months ago. It goes back, he says, to the trial of Archbishop Laud in 1644: "It was one of the counts in the indictment against this prelate that he had severely disciplined a clergyman for no other offense than painting a text of Scripture around the transept of his church. It was true; that was the only offense; but the transept in question was the place where the Bishop's consistory court was held, and the text in question was: 'My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.'"

## Will Yours Be Printed 20 Years Too Soon?

### "Never Felt Better in My Life"

YOU have said this again and again, when friends asked about your health—and you meant every word of it, of course. You *did* feel "first rate." You probably do now and would answer the same way this very minute.

But do you remember Jones, or Smith, or whatever your friend's name was, and how just a week or two before he died he shook your hand firmly and answered, "I never felt better"? And you never could understand how a man who looked so well, spoke so heartily and did a man's work every day could have been taken so quickly. But he was not the first you knew who went like that. Think back and you will recall others.

Yet those men, passing on years before their day, are practically suicides. They wanted to live, they intended to live, but they courted death constantly. They are "feeling fine" suicides. For every 24 hours they lived they aged perhaps 36 hours and the worst of it was they gave not outward warning of it. Death gained on them at the rate of 12 hours a day and overtook them just as life became most worth living. Their obituaries were printed 20 years too soon. Let us see how this comes about.

### Ignoring the Human Machine

SUPPOSE you were a passenger on a ship skirting strange shores. What would you think of the captain if he refused to have regular depth soundings taken and ordered full speed ahead over the uncharted route? Yet you yourself are sailing an unknown course in an easily wrecked body without sounding the chances of danger once in a decade of years.

Yet, your body, in order to stay well and to carry you through your normal span of life, must be tested regularly so that the first sign of weakness or wear is known from its beginning, and being known, is remedied. That is the service offered you in the work of the National Bureau of Analysis.

### Sounding You Out

REGULAR, systematic and expert examination of your physical condition without requiring more than four minutes of your time a year is the health insurance that thousands of men and women enjoy under the service of the National Bureau of Analysis. The basis of the Bureau's Service is the physiological fact that the blood passes through the kidneys and the liver every seven minutes. Impurities extracted from the blood are eliminated in the urine. The analysis of your urine by chemical and microscopical examination gives you a true report of the condition of those vital organs the kidneys and the liver. The doctor can sound your lungs and listen to your heart, but he cannot sound your kidneys nor listen to your liver.

Your mirror reflects your external self. It's a true reflection. You never question it. And so your urine reflects the true condition of the vital organs upon which your health and happiness most depend. It is a fact that more people are refused life insurance because they do not pass the urinalysis test than for all other causes combined! You should have a urine analysis at least once every ninety days.

### Remarkable Reports

THE National Bureau specializes on urinalyses. It does nothing else! Its reports are more thorough, we believe, than those of any other laboratory. The analyzing is done by a body of scientists under the direction of Dr. A. Ralph Johnstone, President of the Lakeside Hospital, Chicago. These examiners have specialized for years in this work, and so accurate and reliable are the results shown that insurance companies often use the Bureau to check up on findings of their own examiners. The reports, moreover, are complete.

The National Bureau reports show and explain the relation to your health of Indican; Acetone, Diacetic Acid; Pus Cells and Leucocytes; Casts and Crystals; Specific Gravity; Alkaline reaction; Urates and Sulphates; Mucus and Phosphates; Blood Cells; Cylindroids and Epithelial Cells; Bile and Urea, the latter the most important waste product of the urine.—It carefully explains to you whether an abnormal condition is but temporary; it tells when albumin appears from causes other than kidney disease; it shows how life may be lengthened by control of diabetic conditions. Their reports cover 25 divisions of urinalysis. No other reports, to our knowledge, are so complete.

## DEATHS

230 West 101st st. St. John (N. B., Canada) papers please copy.

At Lewis, N. J., at his home, 132 Clinton av., on Saturday, January 11, 1919, Alexander Lelong, in his 34th year. Funeral services and interment private.

On Friday, January 10, 1919, Elizabeth Ann, wife of Albert F. Lelong, died at her residence, Church st., Haledon, N. J. Funeral services will be held at the residence, Monday at 2:30 p. m.

Funeral services will be held at the residence, on January 11, 1919, at 2:30 p. m.

### Helpful Suggestions

DURING the eight years the Bureau has been in existence it has made over 75,000 analyses. It has saved hundreds from premature death by warning them of improper conditions discovered.

The Bureau on receiving the specimen analyzes it and issues a report based on its findings. This report goes not merely tell what is found. In addition, simple suggestions are given for remedying improper conditions before they get a chance to become dangerous. The value of these helpful suggestions is immediately apparent. Scores of testimonials come into the Bureau gratefully acknowledging their helpfulness. And this is easily seen by the improvement shown in nearly every succeeding report as our subscribers follow the "Helpful Suggestions" and bring themselves back to normal conditions.

A copy of each examination is carefully guarded in our laboratory files. These copies are carefully referred to before sending out a new quarterly report and the improvement usually shown (unless the last report was "normal") is plainly indicated for the ready information of the busy subscriber. In this way we catch any condition that needs attention, especially if it persists.

### Convenience of Service

THE working of the Bureau is absolutely automatic and confidential. The containers are mailed out regularly every ninety days. The outer wrapper is addressed to the subscriber and marked "Personal." Beneath this wrapper, which the subscriber tears off, another wrapper is already stamped and addressed to the Bureau. The subscriber simply fills the bottle with an afternoon specimen of his urine, puts it back into the container (the bottle already bears his name and number) and drops it into the package mail-box. This makes it possible to give this service wherever the mail is delivered.

### Who Are Subscribers?

AMONG the thousands of subscribers of the service of the National Bureau of Analysis are some of the biggest men in the United States. Presidents of banks and railroads, heads of great industries, supreme court judges, lawyers, doctors, preachers, teachers, men in all walks of life. They are the keenly intelligent, brainy men who realize at a glance what this service is worth to them in health preservation. Yet, anyone can easily afford the low price for the service.

You may look well, feel well and have all the evidences of health yet be far from actual health. Some of the worst wasting diseases show no outward sign of their ravages until it is too late to halt them. These are the very ailments and conditions that we are able to detect and report to you in our quarterly analysis.

### Write for Free Booklet

IF YOU are sick now—and *know* you are sick, by all means consult your physician. If you are well and happy—write for our booklet and let us show you how to *keep* well and happy. Our service is more important to you than life insurance, for you *win while you are alive*. If you think enough of your family to provide life insurance for them after you are gone, why not do something that will keep you *with* them. You know they want YOU—not your life insurance money! Write at once for our booklet. Mail coupon, postal or letter NOW. Address National Bureau of Analysis, 1903 Republic Bldg., Chicago.

### Use This Coupon

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1903 Republic Building, Chicago

Please send me your free booklet.

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## Hotels and Resorts

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It affords all the comforts of home without  
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PARLOR, BEDROOM, AND BATH  
\$2.50, \$3.00 (1 or 2 Persons)  
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Private Hospital

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Food the best. Write for booklet.

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People to Get Well  
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the personal study and specialized treatment  
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Nervous and Nutri-  
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Ideal home. Free from institutional atmosphere. Booklet on request. Dr. HENRY W. MILLER, Mountainbrook, Brewster, N. Y.

## Board Wanted

**Wanted—Accommodations** for six  
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## Real Estate

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**An Old New England Girls' School**  
FOR SALE OR TO RENT on reason-  
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**Seashore Cottage** Rent for season  
6 rooms and bath,  
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LITTELL, 138 S. Main St., Rockland, Maine.

## Real Estate

## MAINE

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Three desirable and finely located furnished  
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lars on these and other property address  
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CAPE COD, MASS.

**Summer House facing Vineyard Sound.** 17 rooms,  
furnished, town water, electric light, garage,  
bathrooms. \$8,500; or for season, \$800. Club,  
casino, tennis and golf available. 9,473, Outlook.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

**For Rent or Sale.** White Mountains. Attractive  
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Good business investment. Want offer. Wm. E.  
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## NEW YORK

Most attractive nicely furnished modern improved summer  
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Golf, tennis, and water sports. Address W.  
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## FOR THE HOME

CHAMBRAY remnants. Samples sub-  
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## HELP WANTED

## Business Situations

**WANTED—CAMP COUNCILOR**, one who  
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associate himself with camp in Maine that  
has excellent standing and equipment and  
been established for ten years. Man who can  
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**Companions and Domestic Helpers**  
FOR hospitals, institutions, schools, dieti-  
tians, matrons, housekeepers, cafeteria man-  
agers. Miss Richards, Box 5, East Side  
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**WANTED**—Experienced nurse for child  
five years old. French preferred. 6,589,  
Outlook.

**WANTED**—Experienced nurse or mother's  
helper to care for two children. Mrs. J. S.  
Dye, 160 Prospect St., Waterbury, Conn.

**WANTED**—Woman of refinement to act as  
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have kind disposition and furnish accept-  
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**WANTED**—Competent teachers for public  
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## HELP WANTED

## Teachers and Governesses

**FRENCH** companion-teacher for girl eleven.  
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Hopkins' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

## Business Situations

**CATERING** manager. Experienced young  
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tive ability. Experienced business manager  
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motherless home where servants are kept.  
Highest references given and required.  
6,646, Outlook.

**PRINCIPAL** of large city high school de-  
sires congenial and remunerative employment  
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**SECRETARY** stenographer.—Experienced  
in business and social work. 6,641, Outlook.

## Companions and Domestic Helpers

**TRAVELING** in United States. Unusual  
opportunity offered parents to secure for  
their daughters chaperonage and care. Lady  
of highest social standing and wide experience  
offers services until July. Best credentials  
asked for and given. 6,606, Outlook.

**REFINED** woman, intelligent, capable,  
executive abilities, wishes position as com-  
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ferences. Miss Bethel, 51 W. 69th St., New York.  
**MANAGING** housekeeper. Good references.  
City or country. 6,636, Outlook.

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## Teachers and Governesses

**TUTOR** wishes position. 6,560, Outlook.

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## MISCELLANEOUS

**LADY** of culture and experience, success-  
ful teacher of singing, with highest testimonials  
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conservatory in New York City or vicinity.  
Would consider direction and chaperonage of  
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**WANTED**—Young women to take nine  
months' course in nursing. Frances Parker  
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**WOULD** care for one or two children in  
my home (outside of Chicago). Best advan-  
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**IF** you can typewrite, you can learn the  
rudiments of Vitesse typewriter shorthand in  
two weeks easily! No positions, no ruled lines,  
no shading, no attachments. Always legible.  
A brief, practical system. Elements, \$1. Samuel  
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**CAN** give some little girl happy country  
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big trees, garden, pets, pretty room, carefully  
selected food, and every care. Terms reason-  
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**MISS** Guthman, New York shopper, will  
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References. 309 W. 99th Street.

**LADY**, former teacher, Florida seashore  
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motherless child. 6,643, Outlook.

**WANTED**, for adoption, child between  
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Protestant. Unusual opportunity. Best of  
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**NEW UNITARIAN** literature FREE. Ad-  
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meals. Moderate price. Country, 25 miles  
from New York, in New Jersey. 6,651, Outlook.

# Your Property

## Is it For Sale or To Rent?

- ❑ If so, use the next Special Real Estate Issues of The Outlook, which will appear on March Nineteen and April Sixteen.
- ❑ An advertisement in this issue will cost but a few dollars and will reach the class of people who will be interested in your property.
- ❑ Write us about your property and we will help you prepare a suitable advertisement.
- ❑ Copy for March should be in hand not later than March 8.

THE OUTLOOK (Department of Classified Advertising)

[Advertisement]

# The Plain Story of a Man Who Asked: "Can I Really Improve My Memory in One Evening"

I AM the sort of man who makes this life a hard one for those who offer anything to the public. I am a skeptic, a suspicious person, a doubter—by reason of many disappointments. But when I am convinced—and to make me so is not a simple process—I go the whole way in just the opposite direction. So this story is written for you men and women like myself, who insist on "knowing a little more about it."

I had read about the Roth Memory Course. I could hardly help it with full page advertisements appearing weekly and monthly in all the greatest periodicals. I had seen it stated that by the application of Mr. Roth's principles, an average or even a poor memory could be immensely improved in one evening, and if given half a chance the method would build up a well-nigh infallible memory. Also that a Roth-trained memory had a tremendous cash value in any line of work. Fair enough claims certainly, but I was just hard-headed enough not to believe them.

My interest in these was increased by the fact that I had, in past years, examined three different so-called "memory training systems." I had studied them faithfully. I had tried to apply them. In each case the machinery was so ponderous that its object was lost in a maze of mental gear-wheels. The thing to be remembered was buried under the confusion of trying to remember it, and the student found himself somewhat less efficient than he was before.

But the claim of the Independent Corporation, publishers of the Roth Memory Course, interested me, I confess it fascinated me, and I finally wrote them telling just about what I have told you here. I added that my work took me to New York frequently, that I was willing to have the thing proved to me and would give them the time to do it if they cared that much about gaining a convert.

Their answer surprised me. It was a most cordial invitation from the Managing Director himself to stop in at the Independent offices the next time I had a half-hour to spare in New York. Instead of putting me down as a nuisance on whom no time need be wasted they cordially urged me to give them a chance to make good.

Now I was not by any means looking for some quick way to turn minutes into dollars. For I was making good progress in a business way with fair enough prospects ahead. But what I had accomplished had been with the assistance of only an average memory. If I forgot names I asked for them again. My mind retained "the usual number of things and, like most minds, an astonishing number of trivial no-account incidents, and items with no special bearing on my work or pleasure. But I was far from a failure, and did not approach the Independent Corporation with any of the feeling of a need for mental adjustment.

I announced myself at The Independent offices in due course, and we got down to business at once.

"Please ask anything you want to know about the Roth Memory Method," said the man with whom I had corresponded. "Your questions will be answered by people who know neither you nor me, nor have they any reason for saying what they do, except that they have found it out by experience."

Perhaps this is your question, too. At any rate, you will like the way one reader traced the claims and the results of one great Memory Method down to a dollars and cents basis. Read Mr. Harper's story.

"Well, first, can I gain a better memory by the Roth Method in *one* evening?"

He turned to a correspondence file close at hand and drew forth a pile of letters, placing them before me. I read a dozen of them very carefully. They were simply amazing—thoroughly spontaneous and sincere. They contained such sentences as these:

"You should have said any person can improve their memory in two hours."  
Charles A. Horan, 1541 W. Lehigh Ave.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

"I am more than pleased with it, and I was certainly surprised to see how much I had improved my memory the first evening. I would not take \$25 for it if I could not get another one."

M. J. Blockenshop, Mohawk, W. Va.

There seemed to be a bewildering number of letters that told much the same thing. The Roth Method surely must do what it claimed as to quick results.

"Now, then," I said, "is the Roth Method of Memory Training of real money value to those who buy it?"

Another handful of letters was produced. The testimony they contained was overwhelming. For instance:

"The Roth Memory Course has been worth hundreds of dollars to me already."  
L. D. Smith, Buffalo, Okla.

"It is wonderful and has already saved me money."  
J. C. Greene, Susquehanna, Pa.

"I have profited very materially from this course and the only regrettable thing is the fact that I had not taken up this study long before."  
R. A. Brook, Horticultural Commissioner,  
Santa Paula, California.

There were as many of such letters as I cared to read from men and women who had not only improved their memory in one evening, but who had actually made more money through using their new powers of memory. I was losing the defiance and suspicion with which I had begun the interview.

"Is the Roth Method free from the old brain-cluttering defects that have made all former 'systems' so impossible?"

More letters answered me. And what letters they were! Some of the men who had written to Mr. Roth had studied as many as a half dozen different memory "systems." One said:

"The Course is especially interesting to me because I have made more or less of a study of memory systems. It is simply useless to try to express my appreciation of it."  
George J. Lemmon,  
Earnest & Cranmer Bldg., Denver, Colo.

A physician at the U. S. Naval Hospital at Norfolk, Va., wrote:

"I have several other memory courses which have been hard work to study. This is so simple and fascinating that once started, I don't want to stop."

E. W. Buckingham, M.D.

There followed other questions from me and always other letters to answer them. In an hour I had seen enough to convince the most hardened unbeliever.

"Let me take a copy of the Roth Course home on your five day free examination plan," I said at last. "I want to find out about this thing by personal experience."

This was all several months ago. The letters from which I have quoted above were furnished me by the Independent Corporation when I volunteered to write this story of my experiences. This is my letter of endorsement, but instead of being addressed to the Independent Corporation it is addressed to the public. I have written it simply as my appreciation of Mr. Roth's wonderful work.

As to the value I've had from the Roth Method of Memory Training, I am a hundred per cent better man mentally than I ever was before. And that is backed up by a substantial increase in my income, which can only be attributed to my improved memory. To sum it all up, the three essentials to efficient and well-paid work are Knowledge, Experience, and Foresight. Knowledge is simply the remembered information we have gathered in the past. Experience is nothing more than the *remembered* lessons of the days we have lived. Foresight is merely seeing the probable course of future events based on what our *memories* tell us of past causes and effects.

THOMAS A. HARPER.

## SEND NO MONEY

"Believe when you see!" says the Independent Corporation, publishers of the Roth Memory Course. Don't pay a penny till you see how easy it is to multiply the power of your memory, till you see how easily you can acquire the secret of a good memory in one evening. They will send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now.

### FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

## Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly

Dept. R 223 119 West 40th Street New York

Please send me the Roth Memory course of seven lessons. I will either mail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$5.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....